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SIXTH YEAR
LANGUAGE READER

PART ONE

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SIXTH YEAR

LANGUAGE READER

PART ONE

BY

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PREFACE

1. THE *distinctive feature* of the Language Reader Series is that it includes in one book for each of the first six grades a considerable part of the work in English needed for the grade, except the supplementary reading. This plan may be defended by the arguments: (*a*) economy of time and money, and (*b*) efficiency in instruction. At the present time, when the curriculum has become unduly crowded, it is imperatively necessary that certain lines of the work should be unified. The close relation of reading, composition, spelling, etc., attained by viewing them definitely as only certain elements of the work in English, tends to reduce the confusion in the mind of the pupil.

Teachers agree as to the value of good literature as the basis of the English work. But the classics are often either not related at all to the work in expression, or the relationship is indicated in a vague and desultory fashion. The Language Readers make the relationship close and vital, without killing the pupil's enjoyment of literature or rendering the work in expression pedantic.

It is agreed, further, that the facts of language — both the definite things, such as spelling and sentence structure, and the indefinite things, such as the connotation of terms and discrimination between synonyms — are not to be learned and fixed by one act of attention, but that we learn and relearn some of them by continued observation, and come to the knowledge of others by approximating steps. It follows that a plan of teaching English which gives the pupil the *habit of observing the facts of language as he reads* must be the best

guarantee of his permanent hold upon it and his continued growth in it. This idea is indeed not new. Books upon composition draw largely upon literature for their exercises, and reading books introduce — though timidly and incompletely — lessons in the study of language. The present series is an attempt to work out fully the idea toward which books of both classes have been tending in the past ten years.

2. Each Reader has some dominating interest in its subject-matter. In the first two books, where the main problem is to teach the beginnings of reading, much must be sacrificed to interest and simplicity, and these books deal with simple story and poetry, mostly of folk tale and child life. In the third book, the dominant element is the fairy and folk tale; in the fourth, the animal story and the tale of adventure; in the fifth, the great myths of the world; and in the sixth, a selection of stories, poems, and essays, serving as an introduction to general literature.

Great care has been taken that the books shall be *good readers*, independent of the language work introduced. The standards of good literature and the interests of the normal child have been kept in mind. The language work has been so handled as not to make it obtrusive in appearance or impermanent in comment; and the division of these two phases of the work makes it possible to treat them separately, where separate treatment is necessary for the preservation of the purely literary interest.

3. In grading the reading and language work, the editors have had the assistance of able and experienced teachers from both public and private schools. The language work increases in importance in the higher grades. As repetition is an important element in instruction, the editors have not hesitated to bring in certain facts more than once; and for the same reason reviews and summaries are inserted.

As has been stated, the reading material in this volume has been so selected as to serve as an introduction to general literature. We have drawn most largely upon literature which presents ideals of heroism — in prose fiction, history, biography, travels, and the ballad; but we have included also a large amount of nature poetry and material appropriate for the celebration of the various holidays. These selections have been carefully graded and grouped with reference to interests, in order to secure continuity of thought.

In the composition lessons the object has been to give pupils a very definite aim in each written exercise, proceeding logically from sentence to paragraph study, and then to the writing of whole compositions. We have also guarded against monotony by giving a great variety of exercises, both oral and written. The grammar lessons cover the maximum amount ordinarily to be expected from a Sixth Grade class.

THE AUTHORS.

NEW YORK CITY,
July, 1906.

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[Arranged in the order in which the topics are taken up.]

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SIXTH YEAR LANGUAGE READER

PART ONE

1

THE GREAT STONE FACE

[In the White Mountains, in New Hampshire, there is a remarkable cliff, which at a distance closely resembles a human face, and which is known as the Profile or the Old Man of the Mountains. This fact probably suggested the following story. Nathaniel Hawthorne, the author, was born a hundred years ago in Salem, Massachusetts. Through a great part of his life he lived much to himself, dreaming over his fancies, and to this habit is due not only this charming tale, but many other stories and novels which have made him known as one of the greatest American writers. You have perhaps already read stories from his *Grandfather's Chair*, *A Wonder-Book*, and *Tanglewood Tales*, or, if you have not, you will wish, after knowing this story, to become familiar with them.]

ONE afternoon when the sun was going down, a mother and her little boy sat at the door of their cottage, talking about the Great Stone Face. They had but to lift their eyes, and there it was plainly to be seen, though miles away, with the sunshine brightening all its features. 5

And what was the Great Stone Face? The Great Stone Face was a work of Nature in her mood of majestic playfulness, formed on the perpendicular side of a moun-

tain by some immense rocks, which had been thrown together in such a position as, when viewed at a proper distance, precisely to resemble the features of the human countenance. It seemed as if an enormous giant, or a Titan, had sculptured his own likeness on the precipice. There was the broad arch of the forehead, a hundred feet in height; the nose, with its long bridge; and the vast lips, which, if they could have spoken, would have rolled their thunder accents from one end of the valley to the other.

It was a happy lot for children to grow up to manhood or womanhood with the Great Stone Face before their eyes, for all the features were noble, and the expression was at once grand and sweet, as if it were the glow of a vast, warm heart, that embraced all mankind in its affections, and had room for more.

As we began with saying, a mother and her little boy sat at their cottage door, gazing at the Great Stone Face, and talking about it. The child's name was Ernest. "Mother," said he, while the Titantic visage smiled on him, "I wish that it could speak, for it looks so very kindly that its voice must be pleasant. If I were to see a man with such a face, I should love him dearly."

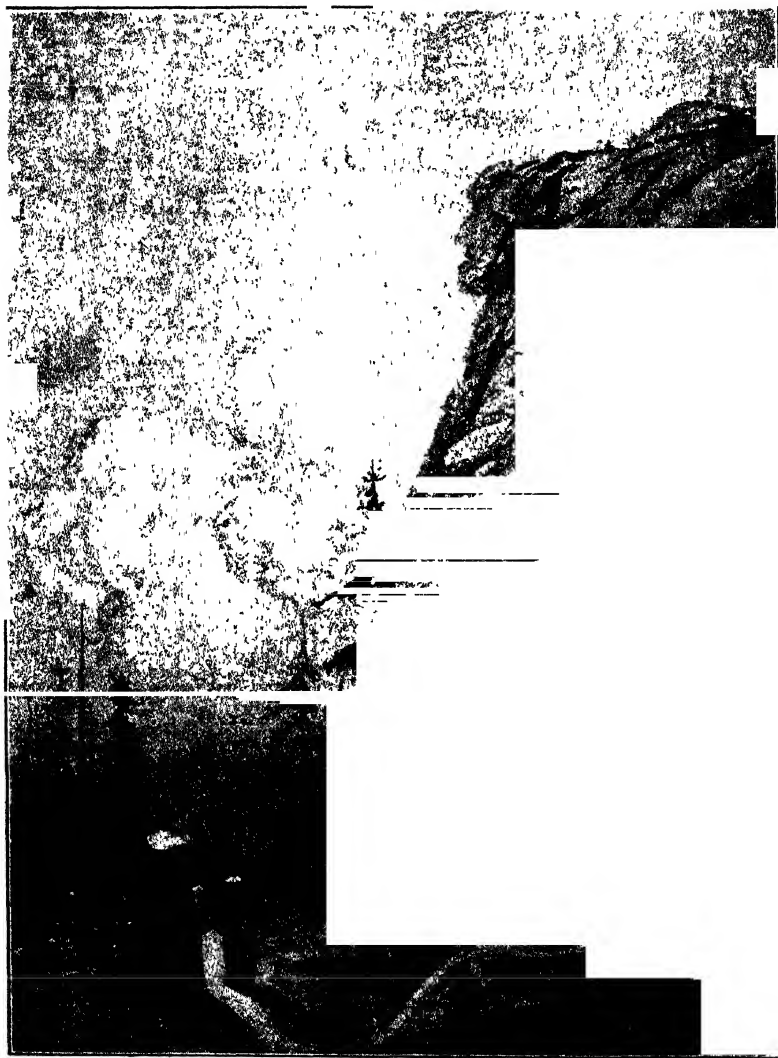
"If an old prophecy should come to pass," answered his mother, "we may see a man, some time or other, with exactly such a face as that."

"What prophecy do you mean, dear mother?" eagerly inquired Ernest. "Pray tell me all about it!"

So his mother told him a story that her own mother had told to her, when she herself was younger than little Ernest; a story, not of things that were past, 5 but of what was yet to come; a story, nevertheless, so very old that even the Indians, who formerly inhabited this valley, had heard it from their forefathers, to whom, they believed, it had been murmured by the mountain streams, and whispered by the wind among 10 the tree tops. The story said that at some future day a child should be born hereabouts who was destined to become the greatest and noblest man of his time, and whose countenance, in manhood, should bear an exact resemblance to the Great Stone Face. 15

"O mother, dear mother!" cried Ernest, clapping his hands above his head, "I do hope that I shall live to see him!" His mother was an affectionate and thoughtful woman, and felt that it was wisest not to discourage the hopes of her little boy. She only said 20 to him, "Perhaps you may."

And Ernest never forgot the story that his mother told him. It was always in his mind whenever he looked upon the Great Stone Face. He spent his childhood in the log cottage where he was born, and was dutiful to 25 his mother, and helpful to her in many things, assisting her much with his little hands, and more with his loving



THE GREAT STONE FACE

heart. In this manner, from a happy yet thoughtful child, he grew to be a mild, quiet, modest boy, sun-browned with labor in the fields, but with more intelligence in his face than is seen in many lads who have been taught at famous schools. Yet Ernest had had no teacher, save only that the Great Stone Face became one to him. When the toil of the day was over, he would gaze at it for hours, until he began to imagine that those vast features recognized him, and gave him a smile of kindness and encouragement in response to his own look of veneration. We must not take upon us to affirm that this was a mistake, although the Face may have looked no more kindly at Ernest than at all the world besides. For the secret was that the boy's tender simplicity discerned what other people could not see; and thus the love, which was meant for all, became his alone. — NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE: *Twice-Told Tales*.

majestic, grand; **Titan**, a giant; **prophecy**, something foretold; **veneration**, deep respect.

What picture do you get in paragraph 1? Answer the question which begins paragraph 2. Who carved the Great Stone Face? Notice how Hawthorne speaks of nature as a living being. Can you mention something that is one hundred feet high? Why should Hawthorne have thought it a happy lot for children to grow up in the presence of the Great Stone Face? What is the meaning of the word **earnest**? When you have completed the story you will see why Ernest was a very suitable name for the boy. What was the story which Ernest's mother told him? Describe Ernest's childhood. Who was his teacher? What did he learn from the teacher? How did he show that he had learned these lessons?

Spelling. — Majestic, enormous, countenance, prophecy, murmured, resemblance.

Synonyms. — Notice the way Hawthorne has used these words and be able to give sentences containing them. When you learn a new word, remember to use it whenever it is suitable in your conversation or writing. Notice that Hawthorne has used a great many names for one thing. See how many synonyms you can find in this lesson for the word **face**. It is not well to repeat a word too often. Try to remember this in your compositions. Remember also that synonyms have very seldom exactly the same meaning. Try to choose the word that most nearly expresses your meaning. Notice how carefully Hawthorne has chosen his words. Use two simple words in place of "Titanic visage." Is Hawthorne's expression better here? Can you find another case in which the author uses a less simple but more beautiful expression than you would have done? Notice that Hawthorne says that the story had been "murmured" by the mountain stream and "whispered" among the tree tops. What is the difference between murmuring and whispering? Would it have been better to have had the story "whispered" by the streams and "murmured" by the trees? Or, simply "told" by the streams and the trees?

Composition. — You have learned how to write quotations. Remember if you are writing a conversation to put what each person says in a separate paragraph, whether he says little or much.

In repeating another's words you may either use them exactly or give the substance of what he has said in your own words. The first is called a **direct quotation**; the second, an **indirect quotation**. Indirect quotations do not require quotation marks.

Do not use direct quotations too often. It would sound strange in ordinary conversation always, in repeating what another has said, to give his exact words. Try it and see if it would not. It is just as awkward in writing. In telling a story, however, you may often by direct quotation give life to the narrative. Read paragraphs 4, 5, and 6 as indirect quotations. Which do you like better?

In writing a conversation, try to give variety by using different words to introduce the quotation. Notice the following: **said he, answered his mother, eagerly inquired.** Here are some other words you might use in introducing quotations: **inquired, cried, replied, whispered, called, asked.** See if you can think of others. Write one paragraph, using direct quotation, in which Ernest's mother tells him the story of the Great Stone Face. Before handing in your paper, notice with care whether you have used quotation marks correctly.

2

THE GREAT STONE FACE (*Continued*)

ABOUT this time, there went a rumor throughout the valley that the great man, foretold from ages long ago, who was to bear a resemblance to the Great Stone Face, had appeared at last. It seems that, many years before, a young man had left the valley and settled at a distant seaport, where, after getting together a little money, he had set up as a shopkeeper. His name — but I could never learn whether it was his real one, or a nickname that had grown out of his habits and success in life — was Gathergold. 5 10

It might be said of him, as of Midas in the fable, that whatever he touched with his finger immediately glistened, and grew yellow, and was changed at once into coin. And when Mr. Gathergold had become so rich that it would have taken him a hundred years only to count his wealth, he bethought himself of his native

valley, and resolved to go back thither, and end his days where he was born. With this purpose in view, he sent a skillful architect to build him such a palace as should be fit for a man of his vast wealth to live in.

5 As I have said above, it had already been rumored in the valley that Mr. Gathergold had turned out to be the person so long and vainly looked for, and that his visage was the perfect and undeniable likeness of the Great Stone Face. People were the more ready to believe
10 that this must needs be the fact when they beheld the splendid edifice that rose, as if by enchantment, on the site of his father's old weather-beaten farmhouse. The exterior was of marble, so dazzling white that it seemed as though the whole structure might melt away in the
15 sunshine, like those humbler ones which Mr. Gathergold, in his young playdays, had been accustomed to build of snow. It had a richly ornamented portico, supported by tall pillars, beneath which was a lofty door, studded with silver knobs, and made of a kind of variegated
20 wood that had been brought from beyond the sea. The windows, from the floor to the ceiling of each stately apartment, were each composed of but one enormous pane of glass. Hardly anybody had been permitted to see the interior of this palace; but it was reported to be
25 far more gorgeous than the outside, insomuch that whatever was iron or brass in other houses was silver or gold in this; and Mr. Gathergold's bedchamber, especially,

made such a glittering appearance that no ordinary man would have been able to close his eyes there. But, on the other hand, Mr. Gathergold was now so accustomed to wealth that perhaps he could not have closed his eyes unless where the gleam of it was certain to find its way 5 beneath his eyelids.

In due time, the mansion was finished; next came the upholsterers, with magnificent furniture; then a whole troop of black and white servants, the harbingers of Mr. Gathergold, who, in his own majestic person, was 10 expected to arrive at sunset. Our friend Ernest, meanwhile, had been deeply stirred by the idea that the great man, the noble man, the man of prophecy, after so many ages of delay, was at length to appear in his native valley. He knew, boy as he was, that there were a 15 thousand ways in which Mr. Gathergold, with his vast wealth, might transform himself into an angel of beneficence, and assume a control over human affairs as wide and benignant as the smile of the Great Stone Face. Full of faith and hope, Ernest doubted not that what the 20 people said was true, and that now he was to behold the living likeness of those wondrous features on the mountain side. While the boy was still gazing up the valley, and fancying, as he always did, that the Great Stone Face returned his gaze and looked kindly at him, the rumbling 25 of wheels was heard, approaching swiftly along the winding road.

“Here he comes!” cried a group of people who were assembled to witness the arrival. “Here comes the great Mr. Gathergold!”

A carriage, drawn by four horses, dashed round the turn of the road. Within it, thrust partly out of the window, appeared the face of a little old man, with a skin as yellow as gold. He had a low forehead, small, sharp eyes, puckered about with innumerable wrinkles, and very thin lips, which he made still thinner by pressing them forcibly together.

“The very image of the Great Stone Face!” shouted the people. “Sure enough, the old prophecy is true; and the great man has come at last!”

And, what greatly perplexed Ernest, they seemed actually to believe that here was the likeness which they spoke of. By the roadside there chanced to be an old beggar woman and two little beggar children, stragglers from some far-off region, who, as the carriage rolled onward, held out their hands and lifted up their doleful voices, most piteously beseeching charity. A yellow claw — the very same that had clawed together so much wealth — poked itself out of the coach window, and dropped some copper coins upon the ground; so that, though the great man’s name seems to have been Gathergold, he might just as suitably have been nicknamed Scattercopper. Still, nevertheless, with an earnest shout, and evidently with as much good faith as ever, the people bellowed: —

“He is the very image of the Great Stone Face!”

But Ernest turned sadly from the wrinkled shrewdness of that visage and gazed up the valley, where, amid a gathering mist, gilded by the last sunbeams, he could still distinguish those glorious features which had 5 impressed themselves into his soul. Their aspect cheered him. What did the benign lips seem to say?

“He will come! Fear not, Ernest; the man will come!” — NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE: *Twice-Told Tales*.

In the old fable **King Midas** turned all he touched into gold. The tale is told in Hawthorne's *The Golden Touch*. **portico**, porch; **variegated**, of several colors; **harbingers**, those who go before to prepare the way; **beneficence**, good deeds; **benignant**, kindly, charitable; **benign**, kindly.

What great man is now introduced into the story? Why was he called Mr. Gathergold? Who was Midas? Describe Mr. Gathergold's palace. In the third paragraph we find still another synonym for **face**. What is it? Describe Mr. Gathergold's appearance. Can you tell a person's character by looking at his face? What action showed Mr. Gathergold's character? How was Ernest comforted in his disappointment? Can you see clearly in your mind the Great Stone Face as Hawthorne describes it in this paragraph?

Spelling. — Portico, innumerable, beseeching, shrewdness, architect.

Be prepared to write sentences containing these words. It is very important that you should know how to spell the words you use constantly. Write correctly in a blank book all the words you misspell in any written exercise. Study them frequently.

Figurative Language. — You have learned how authors sometimes help us to see things more clearly by making pictures with words, that is, by **figurative** language, instead of telling the thing in

exact or literal language. In what way does Hawthorne give us the idea that Mr. Gathergold has become wealthy through success in business (see paragraph 1)? Find other examples of figurative language in the lesson.

Grammar. — What is a sentence? Name the various kinds. Which expresses strong or sudden feeling? How should it be punctuated? Notice the frequent use of the exclamatory form in this lesson. What is the subject of a sentence? the predicate? Classify the following sentences. Name the subject word and predicate word of each.

1. Pray tell me all about it! 2. What prophecy do you mean? 3. His mother told him a story about the Great Stone Face. 4. Ernest gazed at it for hours. 5. I wish that it could speak! 6. Here comes the great Mr. Gathergold! 7. He is the very image of the Great Stone Face! 8. What did the benign lips seem to say? 9. Here he comes! 10. Two little beggar children held out their hands.

3

THE GREAT STONE FACE (*Continued*)

THE years went on, and Ernest ceased to be a boy. He had grown to be a young man now. He attracted little notice from the other inhabitants of the valley, for they saw nothing remarkable in his way of life, save that, when the labor of the day was over, he still loved to go apart, and gaze and meditate upon the Great Stone Face. According to their idea of the matter, however, it was a pardonable folly, for Ernest was industrious, kind, and neighborly, and neglected no duty for the

sake of this idle habit. They knew not that the Great Stone Face had become a teacher to him, and that the sentiment which was expressed in it would enlarge the young man's heart, and fill it with wider and deeper sympathies than other hearts. They knew not that 5 thence would come a better wisdom than could be learned from books, and a better life than could be molded on the example of other human lives. Neither did Ernest know that the thoughts and affections which came to him so naturally, in the fields and at the fireside, 10 were of a higher tone than those which all men shared with him. A simple soul,—simple as when his mother first taught him the old prophecy,—he beheld the marvelous features beaming down the valley, and still wondered that their human counterpart was so long in 15 making his appearance.

By this time poor Mr. Gathergold was dead and buried; and the oddest part of the matter was that his wealth, which was the body and spirit of his existence, had disappeared before his death, leaving nothing of him 20 but a living skeleton, covered over with a wrinkled, yellow skin. Since the melting away of his gold, it had been very generally allowed that there was no such striking resemblance, after all, betwixt the ignoble features of the ruined merchant and that majestic face upon the moun- 25 tain side. So the people ceased to honor him during his lifetime, and quietly forgot him after his decease. Once

in a while, it is true, his memory was brought up in connection with the magnificent palace which he had built, and which had long ago been turned into a hotel for the accommodation of strangers, multitudes of whom came, every summer, to visit that famous natural curiosity, the Great Stone Face. The man of prophecy was yet to come.

It so happened that a native-born son of the valley, many years before, had enlisted as a soldier, and, after a great deal of hard fighting, had now become an illustrious commander. Whatever he may be called in history, he was known in camps and on the battlefield under the nickname of Old Blood-and-Thunder. This war-worn veteran, being now weary of a military life, and of the roll of the drum and the clangor of the trumpet that had so long been ringing in his ears, had lately signified a purpose of returning to his native valley, hoping to find repose where he remembered to have left it. The inhabitants, his old neighbors and their grown-up children, were resolved to welcome the renowned warrior with a salute of cannon and a public dinner; and all the more enthusiastically because it was believed that at last the likeness of the Great Stone Face had actually appeared. A friend of Old Blood-and-Thunder, traveling through the valley, was said to have been struck with the resemblance. Moreover, the schoolmates and early acquaintances of the

general were ready to testify, on oath, that, to the best of their recollection, the general had been exceedingly like the majestic image, even when a boy, only that the idea had never occurred to them at that period. Great, therefore, was the excitement throughout the valley; and many people, who had never once thought of glancing at the Great Stone Face for years before, now spent their time in gazing at it, for the sake of knowing exactly how General Blood-and-Thunder looked.

On the day of the great festival, Ernest, and all the other people of the valley, left their work, and proceeded to the spot where the banquet was prepared. As he approached, the loud voice of the Rev. Dr. Battleblast was heard, beseeching a blessing on the good things set before them, and on the distinguished friend of peace in whose honor they were assembled. The tables were arranged in a cleared space of the woods, shut in by the surrounding trees, except where a vista opened eastward, and afforded a distant view of the Great Stone Face. Over the general's chair, which was a relic from the home of Washington, there was an arch of green boughs and laurel surmounted by his country's banner, beneath which he had won his victories. Our friend Ernest raised himself on his tiptoes, in hopes to get a glimpse of the celebrated guest; but there was a mighty crowd about the tables anxious to hear the toasts and speeches, and to catch any word that might fall from the general



THE WELCOME TO THE GENERAL

in reply; and a volunteer company, doing duty as a guard, pricked with their bayonets at any particularly quiet person among the throng. So Ernest, being of a modest character, was thrust quite into the background, where he could see no more of Old Blood-and-Thunder's face than if it had been still blazing on the battlefield. To console himself he turned toward the Great Stone Face, which, like a faithful and long-remembered friend, looked back and smiled upon him through the forest. Meantime, however, he could overhear the remarks of various individuals who were comparing the features of the hero with the face on the distant mountain side.

"'Tis the same face, to a hair!" cried one man, cutting a caper for joy. 15

"Wonderfully like, that's a fact!" responded another.

"Like! Why, I call it Old Blood-and-Thunder himself, in a monstrous looking-glass!" cried a third. "And why not? He's the greatest man of this or any other age, beyond a doubt." 20

"The general! The general!" was now the cry. "Hush! Silence! Old Blood-and-Thunder's going to make a speech."

Even so; for, the cloth being removed, the general's health had been drunk amid shouts of applause, and he now stood upon his feet to thank the company. Ernest saw him. There he was, over the shoulders of the crowd,

from the two glittering epaulets and embroidered collar upward, beneath the arch of green boughs with intertwined laurel, and the banner drooping as if to shade his brow! And there, too, visible in the same glance, appeared
5 the Great Stone Face! And was there, indeed, such a resemblance as the crowd had testified? Alas, Ernest could not recognize it! He beheld a war-worn and weather-beaten countenance, full of energy, and expressive of an iron will; but the gentle wisdom, the deep, broad,
10 tender sympathies were altogether wanting in Old Blood-and-Thunder's visage.

"This is not the man of prophecy," sighed Ernest to himself, as he made his way out of the throng. "And must the world wait longer yet?"

15 The mists had gathered about the distant mountain side, and there were seen the grand and awful features of the Great Stone Face, awful but benignant, as if a mighty angel were sitting among the hills and enrobing himself in a cloud vesture of gold and purple. As he looked,
20 Ernest could hardly believe but that a smile beamed over the whole visage, with a radiance still brightening, although without motion of the lips. It was probably the effect of the western sunshine, melting the thin vapors that had swept between him and the object that he had
25 gazed at. But — as it always did — the aspect of his marvellous friend made Ernest as hopeful as if he had never hoped in vain.

“Fear not, Ernest,” said his heart, even as if the Great Face were whispering him — “fear not, Ernest.”

— NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE: *Twice-Told Tales*.

meditate, think deeply; **sentiment**, feeling; **counterpart**, person or thing that closely resembles another; **ignoble**, not noble; **cloud vesture**, cloud garments.

Ernest is now a young man. What do the other inhabitants of the valley think of him? Name all the words used in this paragraph to describe Ernest. Can you add another? Is there anything in this section to make you think Ernest will ever become great? What has become of Mr. Gathergold? What new character is now introduced? Is the name appropriate? Why did the guards “prick at any particularly quiet person in the throng”? Do you see any humor in this? Wherein was Old Blood-and-Thunder lacking? Which do you think the greater man, Mr. Gathergold or Old Blood-and-Thunder? Why? How was Ernest again comforted?

Spelling. — Sylvan, vista, illustrious, verdant, volunteer, veteran.

Synonyms. — A knowledge of synonyms is very important for two reasons: first, it enables you to avoid the repetition of one word; second, as it is a rare thing to find two words having exactly the same meaning, a wise choice will enable you to express your thought with more exactness.

Suppose Hawthorne had in paragraph 3 used the word **veteran** each time he referred to Old Blood-and-Thunder. See how you like the constant repetition. Again, notice that each word conveys a different idea. **Veteran**, which suggests age, is used at a point when the general's infirmity is to be shown; **renowned warrior**, where Hawthorne is about to speak of the honor shown him because of his valor. Would **renowned veteran** be as good here as **renowned warrior**?

Composition. — Read carefully the conversations given in paragraphs 5, 6, 7, 8. Notice the expressions **cried one man, responded another, was now the cry**. Imagine yourself standing amid a crowd waiting to get a glimpse of some great man. Write the words you

hear uttered by those around you, in direct form, varying your words of introduction so as to avoid repetition. Do not make more than four short paragraphs.

When you have finished, ask yourself the following questions:—

- 1 Have I punctuated correctly?
2. Are my sentences well made?
3. Have I repeated a word too often in introducing a quotation?

4

THE GREAT STONE FACE (*Continued*)

MORE years sped swiftly and tranquilly away. Ernest still dwelt in his native valley, and was now a man of middle age. By slow degrees he had become known among the people. Now, as heretofore, he labored for his bread, and was the same simple-hearted man that he had always been. But he had thought and felt so much, he had given so many of the best hours of his life to unworldly hopes for some great good to mankind, that it seemed as though he had been talking with the angels, and had imbibed a portion of their wisdom unawares. It was visible in the calm beneficence of his daily life, the quiet stream of which had made a wide, green margin all along its course. Not a day passed by that the world was not the better because this man, humble as he was, had lived. He never stepped aside from his own path, yet would always reach a blessing to his neighbor. Almost involuntarily, too, he had become a preacher. The pure

and high simplicity of his thought, which took shape in the good deeds that dropped silently from his hand, flowed also forth in speech. He uttered truths that molded the lives of those who heard him. His hearers, it may be, never suspected that Ernest, their own neighbor and 5 familiar friend, was more than an ordinary man; least of all did Ernest himself suspect it; but thoughts came out of his mouth that no other human lips had spoken.

When the people's minds had had a little time to cool, they were ready enough to acknowledge their mistake 10 in imagining a similarity between General Blood-and-Thunder and the benign visage on the mountain side. But now, again, there were reports and many paragraphs in the newspapers, affirming that the likeness of the Great Stone Face had appeared upon the broad shoulders of a 15 certain eminent statesman. He, like Mr. Gathergold and Old Blood-and-Thunder, was a native of the valley, but had left it in his early days, and taken up the trades of law and politics. Instead of the rich man's wealth and the warrior's sword he had but a tongue, and it was 20 mightier than both together. So wonderfully eloquent was he that, whatever he might choose to say, his hearers had no choice but to believe him; wrong looked like right, and right like wrong. His voice, indeed, was a magic instrument: sometimes it rumbled like the thun-25 der; sometimes it warbled like the sweetest music. In good truth, he was a wondrous man; and when his

tongue had acquired him all other imaginable success, — when it had been heard in halls of state and in the courts of princes, — after it had made him known all over the world, even as a voice crying from shore to shore, — it finally persuaded his countrymen to select him for the presidency. Before this time, — indeed, as soon as he began to grow celebrated, — his admirers had found out the resemblance between him and the Great Stone Face ; and so much were they struck by it that throughout the country this distinguished gentleman was known by the name of Old Stony Phiz.

While his friends were doing their best to make him President, Old Stony Phiz, as he was called, set out on a visit to the valley where he was born. Of course he had no other object than to shake hands with his fellow-citizens, and neither thought nor cared about any effect which his progress through the country might have upon the election. Magnificent preparations were made to receive the illustrious statesman ; a cavalcade of horsemen set forth to meet him at the boundary line of the state, and all the people left their business and gathered along the wayside to see him pass. Among these was Ernest. Though more than once disappointed, as we have seen, he had such a hopeful and confiding nature that he was always ready to believe in whatever seemed beautiful and good. He kept his heart continually open, and thus was sure to catch the blessing from on high,

when it should come. So now again, as buoyantly as ever, he went forth to behold the likeness of the Great Stone Face.

The cavalcade came prancing along the road, with a great clattering of hoofs and a mighty cloud of dust,⁵ which rose up so dense and high that the visage of the mountain side was completely hidden from Ernest's eyes. All the great men of the neighborhood were there on horseback: militia officers, in uniform; the member of Congress; the sheriff of the county; the editors of news-¹⁰ papers; and many a farmer, too, had mounted his patient steed, with his Sunday coat upon his back. It really was a very brilliant spectacle, especially as there were numerous banners flaunting over the cavalcade, on some of which were gorgeous portraits of the illustrious statesman¹⁵ and the Great Stone Face, smiling familiarly at one another, like two brothers. If the pictures were to be trusted, the resemblance, it must be confessed, was marvelous. We must not forget to mention that there was a band of music, which made the echoes of the mountains²⁰ ring with the loud triumph of its strains, so that airy and soul-thrilling melodies broke out among all the heights and hollows, as if every nook of his native valley had found a voice to welcome the distinguished guest. But the grandest effect was when the far-off mountain²⁵ precipice flung back the music; for then the Great Stone Face itself seemed to be swelling the triumphant chorus,

in acknowledgment that, at length, the man of prophecy was come.

All this while the people were throwing up their hats and shouting with such enthusiasm that the heart of Ernest kindled up, and he likewise threw up his hat and shouted as loudly as the loudest, "Huzza for the great man! Huzza for Old Stony Phiz!" But as yet he had not seen him.

"Here he is now!" cried those who stood near Ernest. "There! There! Look at Old Stony Phiz and then at the Old Man of the Mountain, and see if they are not as like as two twin brothers!"

In the midst of all this gallant array came an open barouche, drawn by four white horses; and in the barouche, with his massive head uncovered, sat the illustrious statesman, Old Stony Phiz himself.

"Confess it," said one of Ernest's neighbors to him, "the Great Stone Face has met its match at last!"

Now, it must be owned that, at his first glimpse of the countenance which was bowing and smiling from the barouche, Ernest did fancy that there was a resemblance between it and the old familiar face upon the mountain side. The brow, with its massive depth and loftiness, and all the other features, indeed, were bold and strong. But the grand expression of a divine sympathy that illuminated the mountain visage might here be sought in vain. Something had been originally left out, or had departed.

Still Ernest's neighbor was thrusting his elbow into his side, and pressing him for an answer.

"Confess! Confess! Is not he the very picture of your Old Man of the Mountain?"

"No!" said Ernest, bluntly, "I see little or no likeness."

"Then so much the worse for the Great Stone Face!" answered his neighbor. And again he set up a shout for Old Stony Phiz.

But Ernest turned away, melancholy, and almost despondent: for this was the saddest of his disappointments, to behold a man who might have fulfilled the prophecy, and had not willed to do so. Meantime, the cavalcade, the banners, the music, and the barouches swept past him, with the shouting crowd in the rear, leaving the dust to settle down, and the Great Stone Face to be revealed again, with the grandeur that it had worn for untold centuries.

"Lo, here I am, Ernest!" the benign lips seemed to say. "I have waited longer than thou, and am not yet weary. Fear not; the man will come." 20

—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE: *Twice-Told Tales*.

tranquilly, quietly; imbibed, drank in; involuntarily, against his will; eminent, celebrated; acquired, obtained; phiz, an abbreviation of "physiognomy," face; cavalcade, troop; buoyantly, hopefully (buoyant means able to float; note the figurative use).

Describe Ernest in middle life. What beautiful figurative language is used in describing him? Do you feel that each time he is described he seems a more beautiful and noble character? Who

next returned to the valley? How does he compare with Mr. Gathergold and with Old Blood-and-Thunder? Does Hawthorne really mean that on his return to the valley he had "no other object than to shake hands with his fellow-citizens"? For the first time you will notice that Ernest sees a resemblance to the Great Stone Face. Yet there is something lacking. What is it? Why was Ernest's disappointment deeper than at any time before? Where does he again turn for comfort?

Spelling. — Tranquilly, simplicity, eminent, magnificent, citizens, barouche.

Word Study. — Write the following sentence, substituting synonyms for the words in boldfaced type: —

But the **grandest** effect was when the far-off mountain precipice **flung** back the music; for then the Great Stone Face itself seemed to be **swelling** the **triumphant** chorus.

It will be interesting for you to know that many other languages have helped to form our language. The word "English" comes from "Angles," which was the name of a race of people who very early settled in Great Britain. The Saxons, a similar people, settled there at about the same time, so the words in English that these peoples used are spoken of as Anglo-Saxon. These include most of our commonest words, such as the household names **brother**, **sister**, **home**, and the names of common things, as **knife**, **book**, **boot**, **door**, **cow**, **tree**, etc. In fact, about four fifths of all our everyday words are Anglo-Saxon. Many of our less simple words have come to us from Latin and Greek.

The main part of the word is called the "stem." We may change slightly the meaning of a word by adding to it a prefix (before the stem) or a suffix (after the stem). For example, the stem **port**, from the Latin, means to "carry." What meaning do you get in the following words: **porter**, **portable**, **import**, **export**?

In *The Great Stone Face* you will find these words: **benign**, **beneficent**, **benignant**, **beneficence**. Do you notice any similarity in

their use? They are formed from a Latin word **bene**, meaning "good." Try to find other words formed from **bene**.

Composition.—You have learned that a sentence expresses a complete thought. In writing you must avoid using a great many short sentences to express only one complete thought.

1. One afternoon a mother sat at the door of her cottage.
2. Her little boy was with her.
3. The sun was going down.
4. They were talking about the Great Stone Face.

Turn to paragraph 1 of *The Great Stone Face* and see how Hawthorne has told all this in one sentence. Look at the next paragraph. How many short sentences might have been made instead of the long second sentence? Which is better?

Combine the short sentences in each of the following groups into one long sentence:—

1. There is a remarkable cliff. It is in New Hampshire. It is among the White Mountains. It resembles a face.
2. Hawthorne saw the stone face. He was in New Hampshire. He decided to write a story. The story was to be about the Great Stone Face.

Answer the following questions by writing one long sentence:—

What mountains have you seen (or heard about)? Where are they? When did you see them? Who was with you? Are they beautiful?

5

THE GREAT STONE FACE (*Concluded*)

THE years hurried onward, treading in their haste on one another's heels. And now they began to bring white hairs and scatter them over the head of Ernest; they made wrinkles across his forehead and furrows in his cheeks. He was an aged man. But not in vain had he

grown old ; more than the white hairs on his head were the wise thoughts in his mind. And Ernest had ceased to be obscure. Unsought for, undesired, had come the fame which so many seek, and made him known in the great world, beyond the limits of the valley in which he had dwelt so quietly. College professors, and even the active men of cities, came from far to see and converse with Ernest ; for the report had gone abroad that this simple farmer had ideas unlike those of other men, and a tranquil majesty as if he had been talking with the angels as his daily friends. Ernest received these visitors with the gentle sincerity that had marked him from boyhood, and spoke freely with them of whatever came uppermost, or lay deepest in his heart or their own. While they talked together, his face would kindle and shine upon them, as with a mild evening light. When his guests took leave and went their way, and passing up the valley, paused to look at the Great Stone Face, they imagined that they had seen its likeness in a human countenance, but could not remember where.

While Ernest had been growing up and growing old, a bountiful Providence had granted a new poet to this earth. He, likewise, was a native of the valley, but had spent the greater part of his life at a distance from that romantic region, pouring out his sweet music amid the bustle and din of cities. Often, however, did the mountains which had been familiar to him in his childhood lift

their snowy peaks into the clear atmosphere of his poetry. Neither was the Great Stone Face forgotten, for he had celebrated it in a poem which was grand enough to have been uttered by its own majestic lips.

The songs of this poet found their way to Ernest. He read them after his customary toil, seated on the bench before his cottage door, where for such a length of time he had filled his repose with thought, by gazing at the Great Stone Face. And now as he read stanzas that caused the soul to thrill within him, he lifted his eyes to the vast countenance beaming on him so benignantly.

“O majestic friend,” he murmured, addressing the Great Stone Face, “is not this man worthy to resemble thee?”

The Face seemed to smile, but answered not a word.

Now it happened that the poet, though he dwelt so far away, had not only heard of Ernest, but had meditated much upon his character, until he deemed nothing so desirable as to meet this man whose untaught wisdom walked hand in hand with the noble simplicity of his life. One summer morning, therefore, he took passage by the railroad, and, in the decline of the afternoon, alighted from the cars at no great distance from Ernest's cottage. The great hotel, which had formerly been the palace of Mr. Gathergold, was close at hand, but the poet, with his carpetbag on his arm, inquired at once where Ernest dwelt, and was resolved to be accepted as his guest.

Approaching the door, he there found the good old man, holding a volume in his hand, which he read, and then, with a finger between the leaves, looked lovingly at the Great Stone Face.

5 "Good evening," said the poet. "Can you give a traveler a night's lodging?"

"Willingly," answered Ernest. And then he added, smiling, "Methinks I never saw the Great Stone Face look so hospitably at a stranger."

10 The poet sat down on the bench beside him, and he and Ernest talked together. Often had the poet conversed with the wittiest and the wisest, but never before with a man like Ernest, whose thoughts and feelings gushed up with such a natural freedom, and who made
15 great truths so familiar by his simple utterance of them. Angels, as had been so often said, seemed to have wrought with him at his labor in the fields; angels seemed to have sat with him by the fireside. So thought the poet. And Ernest, on the other hand, was moved by the living
20 images which the poet flung out of his mind, and which peopled all the air about the cottage door with shapes of beauty.

As Ernest listened to the poet, he imagined that the Great Stone Face was bending forward to listen too.
25 He gazed earnestly into the poet's glowing eyes.

"Who are you, my strangely gifted guest?" he said.

The poet laid his finger on the volume that Ernest had been reading.

"You have read these poems," said he. "You know me, then,—for I wrote them."

Again, and still more earnestly than before, Ernest examined the poet's features; then turned toward the Great Stone Face; then back to his guest. But his countenance fell; he shook his head, and sighed.

"Wherefore are you sad?" inquired the poet.

"Because," replied Ernest, "all through life I have awaited the fulfillment of a prophecy; and when I read these poems, I hoped that it might be fulfilled in you."

"You hoped," answered the poet, faintly smiling, "to find in me the likeness of the Great Stone Face. And you are disappointed, as formerly with Mr. Gathergold, and Old Blood-and-Thunder, and Old Stony Phiz. Yes, Ernest, it is my doom. You must add my name to the illustrious three, and record another failure of your hopes. For—in shame and sadness do I speak it, Ernest—I am not worthy."

20

"And why?" asked Ernest. He pointed to the volume. "Are not those thoughts divine?"

"You can hear in them the far-off echo of a heavenly song," replied the poet. "But my life, dear Ernest, has not corresponded with my thought. I have had grand dreams, but they have been only dreams, because I have lived—and that, too, by my own choice—among poor

and mean realities. Sometimes even—shall I dare to say it?—I lack faith in the grandeur, the beauty, and the goodness which my own works are said to have made more evident in nature and in human life. Why, then, 5 pure seeker of the good and true, shouldst thou hope to find me in yonder image of the divine?"

The poet spoke sadly, and his eyes were dim with tears. So, likewise, were those of Ernest.

At the hour of sunset, as had long been his frequent 10 custom, Ernest was to speak to an assemblage of the neighboring inhabitants in the open air. He and the poet, arm in arm, still talking together as they went along, proceeded to the spot. It was a small nook among the hills, with a gray precipice behind, the stern front of which was 15 relieved by the pleasant foliage of many creeping plants, that made a tapestry for the naked rock by hanging their festoons from all its rugged angles. At a small elevation above the ground, set in a rich framework of verdure, there appeared a niche, spacious enough to admit a human figure. 20 Into this natural pulpit Ernest ascended and threw a look of familiar kindness around upon his audience. They stood, or sat, or reclined upon the grass, as seemed good to each, with the departing sunshine falling over them. In another direction was seen the Great Stone Face, with 25 the same cheer, combined with the same solemnity, in its benignant aspect.

Ernest began to speak, giving to the people of what

was in his heart and mind. His words had power, because they accorded with his thoughts; and his thoughts had reality and depth, because they harmonized with the life which he had always lived. The poet as he listened, felt that the being and character of Ernest were a nobler strain 5 of poetry than he had ever written. His eyes glistening with tears, he gazed reverentially at the venerable man, and said within himself that never was there an aspect so worthy of a prophet and a sage as that mild, sweet, thoughtful countenance with the glory of white hair dif- 10 fused about it. At a distance, but distinctly to be seen, high up in the golden light of the setting sun, appeared the Great Stone Face, with hoary mists around it, like the white hairs around the brow of Ernest. Its look of grand beneficence seemed to embrace the world. 15

At that moment, in sympathy with a thought which he was about to utter, the face of Ernest assumed a grandeur of expression, so full of benevolence, that the poet, by an irresistible impulse, threw his arms aloft, and shouted: — 20

“Behold! Behold! Ernest is himself the likeness of the Great Stone Face!”

Then all the people looked and saw that what the deep-sighted poet said was true. The prophecy was fulfilled. But Ernest, having finished what he had to say, 25 took the poet's arm, and walked slowly homeward, still hoping that some wiser and better man than himself

would by and by appear, bearing a resemblance to the GREAT STONE FACE.

—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE: *Twice-Told Tales*.

What do you understand by the second sentence? What kind of language is this? After putting his thought in this figurative way, Hawthorne tells us plainly, in literal language, what he means. What progress has Ernest made toward greatness? Can you find in this paragraph any sentences that give you a hint as to who the man of the prophecy is? Who is now introduced? This description of the poet is very beautiful, and rich in figurative language. Point out the figure you like best in the paragraph. How did Hawthorne evidently regard poets? What did the poet think about Ernest? What did Ernest think about the poet? Select one sentence which explains wherein the poet failed. Read several times the last paragraph on page 32. Can you picture the beautiful scene? Note the color in the picture: the gray rocks, the rich verdure (green), the golden rays. Who was the first to recognize in Ernest the likeness of the Great Stone Face? What word did Hawthorne use to show the poet's power of recognizing truth? Who of all the characters in this story (not including Ernest) came nearest to being the man of the prophecy?

Word Study. — "It was a small nook among the hills, with a gray precipice behind, the stern front of which was **relieved** by the pleasant foliage of many creeping plants, that made a **tapestry** for the naked rock by hanging their **festoons** from all its rugged angles."

Study this sentence so that you can write it from dictation. Be able to give synonyms or definitions for words in boldfaced type.

You have learned that it is possible to express thought in different ways. You saw how Hawthorne varied his writing by different combinations of words, and by his knowledge of synonyms. Synonyms, as you know, are words of like meaning. It is also possible to secure variety in your use of words by a knowl-

edge of **antonyms**, that is, words of opposite meaning. Thus, the antonym of **good** is **bad**. Instead of saying, "Mr. Gathergold was **stingy**," you might say, "Mr. Gathergold was not in the least **generous**." This is called the **negative** method of expression. Can you find any examples of this in *The Great Stone Face*? Change the following positive expressions to negative, and make the negative expressions positive:—

Mr. Gathergold was by no means poor. Ernest was not a haughty man. He was a gentle, quiet boy. Blood-and-Thunder was by no means young. The wrinkled visage looked sordid.

Select ten words in your reading lesson for which you can give antonyms.

Grammar.—"A mother sat at the door of her cottage. Her little boy sat at the door of her cottage." You have learned that whenever the same assertion is made about more than one person, it would be well to connect the subjects and thus avoid a needless repetition of the predicate, thus, "A mother and her little boy sat at the door of her cottage."

Combine each of the following pairs of sentences to make one sentence:—

1. Ernest walked up the valley. The poet walked up the valley.

2. The poet cried, "Ernest is the likeness of the Great Stone Face." All the people cried, "Ernest is the likeness of the Great Stone Face."

Subjects connected in this way are said to be **compound**. When several things are asserted about one subject, the various assertions may be connected in the same way to form a compound predicate: thus, "Ernest thought deeply." "Ernest felt deeply." "Ernest thought and felt deeply."

Supply a compound predicate for each of the following subjects: **Mother, the poet, Mr. Gathergold, Old Blood-and-Thunder, Old Stony Phiz.** Supply compound subjects for each of the following predicates: **rested at evening, shouted, agreed, praised, believed.**

Review. — Read the whole story through rapidly. Notice that the story falls into six parts: —

1. The Prophecy and Ernest's childhood.
2. Old Gathergold, or Ernest's boyhood.
3. Blood-and-Thunder, or Ernest's young manhood.
4. Stony Phiz, or Ernest's middle age.
5. The Poet, or Ernest's old age.
6. The Fulfillment of the Prophecy.

Can you make a mental picture of the Great Stone Face? Notice how many times Hawthorne describes it. With the aid of the above outline tell the story briefly. Notice the different kinds of greatness. Notice that each man was greater than the one who preceded him. In what way was Ernest great? How did he become so great? Have you ever seen or heard of any person in real life who became great through striving to live up to a noble ideal? Who is the author of this story? From your reading of this story, do you think he was fond of nature? What kind of men did he admire? Why is his story interesting?

Spelling. — Study in review the words you have learned. Have you remembered to use any of them in your conversation? How many of them are nouns?

Composition. — I. Write one paragraph, using this opening sentence, "The thing I like best in the story of *The Great Stone Face* is — — —." Ask yourself the following questions: —

1. Have I made good, clear sentences?
2. Do they all relate to the opening sentence?
3. Have I punctuated correctly?
4. Is my spelling faultless?

II. Have you read any other story written by Nathaniel Hawthorne? If you have, be prepared to tell it briefly to the class.



6

KATHLEEN

O NORAH, lay your basket down,
And rest your weary hand,
And come and hear me sing a song
Of our old Ireland.

There was a lord of Galaway,
A mighty lord was he;
And he did wed a second wife,
A maid of low degree.

But he was old, and she was young,
And so, in evil spite,
She baked the black bread for his kin,
And fed her own with white.

5 She whipped the maids and starved the kern,
And drove away the poor ;
“ Ah, woe is me ! ” the old lord said,
“ I rue my bargain sore ! ”

This lord he had a daughter fair,
10 Beloved of old and young,
And nightly round the shealing-fires,
Of her the gleeman sung.

“ As sweet and good is young Kathleen
As Eve before her fall ; ”
15 So sang the harper at the fair,
So harped he in the hall.

“ O come to me my daughter dear !
Come sit upon my knee,
For looking in your face, Kathleen,
20 Your mother’s own I see ! ”

He smoothed and smoothed her hair away,
He kissed her forehead fair ;
“ It is my darling Mary’s brow,
It is my darling’s hair ! ”

O, then spake up the angry dame,
 "Get up, get up," quoth she,
"I'll sell ye over Ireland,
 I'll sell ye o'er the sea!"

She clipped her glossy hair away,
 That none her rank might know,
She took away her gown of silk,
 And gave her one of tow,

And sent her down to Limerick town,
 And to a seaman sold
This daughter of an Irish lord
 For ten good pounds in gold.

10

The lord he smote upon his breast,
 And tore his beard so gray ;
But he was old, and she was young,
 And so she had her way.

15

Sure that same night the Banshee howled
 To fright the evil dame,
And fairy folks, who loved Kathleen,
 With funeral torches came.

20

She watched them glancing through the trees,
 And glimmering down the hill ;
They crept before the dead-vault door,
 And there they all stood still !

“Get up, old man ! the wake-lights shine !

“Ye murdering witch,” quoth he,

“So I’m rid of your tongue, I little care
If they shine for you or me.

5 “O, whoso brings my daughter back,
My gold and land shall have !”

O, then spake up his handsome page,

“No gold nor land I crave !

10 “But give to me your daughter dear,
Give sweet Kathleen to me,
Be she on sea or be she on land,
I’ll bring her back to thee.”

15 “My daughter is a lady born,
And you of low degree,
But she shall be your bride the day
You bring her back to me.”

20 He sailèd east, he sailèd west,
And far and long sailed he,
Until he came to Boston town,
Across the great salt sea.

“O, have ye seen the young Kathleen,
The flower of Ireland?
Ye’ll know her by her eyes so blue,
And by her snow-white hand !”

Out spake an ancient man, "I know
The maiden whom you mean ;
I bought her of a Limerick man,
And she is called Kathleen.

"No skill hath she in household work, 5
Her hands are soft and white,
Yet well by loving looks and ways
She doth her cost requite."

So up they walked through Boston town,
And met a maiden fair, 10
A little basket on her arm
So snowy-white and bare.

"Come hither, child, and say hast thou
This young man ever seen ? "
They wept within each other's arms, 15
The page and young Kathleen.

"O give to me this darling child,
And take my purse of gold."
"Nay, not by me," her master said,
"Shall sweet Kathleen be sold. 20

"We loved her in the place of one
The Lord hath early ta'en ;
But, since her heart's in Ireland,
We give her back again ! "

Sure now they dwell in Ireland ;
 As you go up Claremore
 You'll see their castle looking down
 The pleasant Galway shore.

And the old lord's wife is dead and gone,
 And a happy man is he,
 For he sits beside his own Kathleen,
 With her darling on his knee.

— JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

of low degree, the poorer people ; **kin**, kindred or relatives ; **kern**, a poor man ; **rue**, regret ; **shealing-fires**, fires in the huts ; **gleemen** and **harpers** entertained the people by singing songs, often of their own composition ; **hall**, the castle hall ; **quoth**, said ; **Banshee**, a fairy spirit that warns of death or misfortune ; **wake-lights**, funeral torches ; **requite**, pay back.

A poem of this kind, containing a story, and written as though it might be sung, is called a ballad. Each group of lines or verses is called a stanza. Which verses are rhymed ?

You will notice how apt you are to read poetry in a sing-song way. If you study a few poems carefully, you will see the reason. The words or syllables that you accent strongly occur at regular intervals, and in this respect poetry resembles music. In *Kathleen* you accent every other syllable.

How many stanzas in *Kathleen* ? How many verses in each stanza ? How many strong accents in the first and in the third verse of each stanza ? How many strong accents in the second and in the fourth verse of each stanza ?

Who tells the story ? Two persons are now introduced. Contrast them in two ways. Give the meaning of stanza 4 in your own words. To whom is Kathleen compared ? In what way was the stepmother's anger aroused ? What cruel thing did she do ? How

did the fairies show their love for Kathleen? Substitute **shining** for **glancing** and **glowing** for **glimmering**. Do you get exactly the same picture? Which is better? Do you see any change in the old lord (stanza 15)? What has caused this? What means does he now take to recover Kathleen? Who comes to the rescue? What is a **page**? Describe his search. Synonym for **ancient** (stanza 21)? Could you use it here? How had Kathleen fared in her new home? Describe the meeting with the page (stanza 24). With what happy scene does the ballad close?

You will find that in this ballad Whittier has given us several pictures which an artist might paint. Try to picture them: the fair Kathleen on her father's knee; the cruel stepmother clipping Kathleen's glossy hair; the fairy folk with the glimmering funeral torches; the old father and the young page; the finding of Kathleen; the happy home scene.

Tell the whole story as briefly as you can.

Spelling. — Bargain, ancient, requite, kin, glimmering, glancing. Give synonyms for these words.

Grammar. — Make a list of the nouns in the ballad. How many of them are names of persons? How many are names of places? of things? Go over the various names applied to the daughter: child, maid, darling, lady, Kathleen. Which of these might refer to some other daughter? Which name belongs to the particular girl of the story? Go over the following names of places: town, Limerick, Boston, Galway, etc. Which of these names might refer to several places? Which to some particular place?

Such names as **lady**, **child**, **town**, belong in common to several persons or places, so that we call them **common** nouns.

Names that belong to particular ones of a class, as **Kathleen**, which names a particular girl, and **Limerick**, which names a particular town, are called **proper** nouns. You will notice that each proper noun begins with a capital letter. Make a rule for this.

Nouns, whether common or proper, are often composed of more than one word — as **Old Stony Phiz**, **illy of the valley**.

Classify all the nouns in *Kathleen* as **common** or **proper**.

Give a class name for several of the proper nouns. What kind of nouns will you then have?

Composition. — You have learned that it is not well in writing to make many short sentences which could as well be combined into one. Another danger you must avoid is trying to get too much into your sentence, so that you express more than one complete thought. You must learn, then, not only what to put into a sentence, but what to leave out. Learn to look well at each sentence you make. See if you have expressed one thought clearly. Be sure to begin with a capital and put the correct punctuation mark at the end. In the following, you will find that sentences have been combined that do not properly belong together. Write them over correctly. If there are any that can be put together in one sentence, write them so.

John Greenleaf Whittier was born at Amesbury, Massachusetts, and I enjoy reading his poems. He was a Quaker and wrote many anti-slavery poems. His parents were very poor while Whittier lived to be very old and he had to work very hard on the farm when he was young, so he lived to be beloved and known by all the nation. His antislavery poems helped to make people anxious to free the slaves and he suffered all his long life from ill health.

7

TREASURE ISLAND

[This extract is from *Treasure Island*, by Robert Louis Stevenson, an exciting story of adventure. Jim Hawkins, who is supposed to tell the story, was the son of a woman who kept a little inn in an out-of-the-way part of Great Britain, many years ago. They had a strange lodger, an old sea-faring man, who seemed to be in hiding, and who died suddenly in their house. While Jim and his mother are searching the old sailor's chest to see if they can find the money that is due them, a band of violent men, who are apparently in pur-

suit of the old sailor, rush into the house, and the lad and his mother barely escape, the mother carrying with her the sum of money that covered her debt, the boy a little package he found in the old sea chest. Finding the sailor dead, the men begin to search his chest for the mysterious package which the boy has taken, but run away when a band of mounted police ride up. With the officer in charge, Mr. Dance, the boy goes to the squire of the village, or justice of the peace, to give an account of the matter.]

I HAD never seen the squire so near at hand. He was a tall man, over six feet high, and broad in proportion, and he had a bluff, rough-and-ready face, all roughened and reddened and lined in his long travels. His eyebrows were very black, and moved readily, and this gave 5 him a look of some temper, not bad, you would say, but quick and high.

"Come in, Mr. Dance," says he, very stately and condescending.

"Good evening, Dance," says the doctor, with a nod. 10
"And good evening to you, friend Jim. What good wind brings you here?"

Mr. Dance stood up straight and stiff, and told his story like a lesson; and you should have seen how the two gentlemen leaned forward and looked at each other, 15 and forgot to smoke in their surprise and interest. When they heard how my mother went back to the inn, Dr. Livesey fairly slapped his thigh, and the squire cried, "Bravo!" Long before it was done, Mr. Trelawney (that, you will remember, was the squire's name) had got 20

up from his seat, and was striding about the room, and the doctor, as if to hear the better, had taken off his powdered wig, and sat there, looking very strange indeed with his own close-cropped, black poll.

5 At last Mr. Dance finished the story.

"Mr. Dance," said the squire, "you are a very noble fellow. And this lad Hawkins is a trump, I perceive. Hawkins, will you ring that bell? Mr. Dance must have some ale."

10 "And so, Jim," said the doctor, "you have the thing that they were after, have you?"

"Here it is, sir," said I, and gave him the oilskin packet.

The doctor looked at it all over, as if his fingers were
15 itching to open it; but, instead of doing that, he put it quietly in the pocket of his coat.

"Squire," said he, "when Dance has had his ale, he must, of course, be off on his Majesty's service; but I mean to keep Jim Hawkins here to sleep at my house,
20 and, with your permission, I propose we should have up the cold pie, and let him sup."

"As you will, Livesey," said the squire; "Hawkins has earned better than cold pie."

So a big pigeon pie was brought in, and put on a side
25 table, and I made a hearty supper, for I was as hungry as a hawk, while Mr. Dance was further complimented, and at last dismissed.

"And now, squire," said the doctor.

"And now, Livesey," said the squire, in the same breath.

"One at a time, one at a time," laughed Dr. Livesey. "Jim says he heard these men say something about Flint. 5 You have heard of him, I suppose?"

"Heard of him!" cried the squire. "Heard of him, you say! He was the bloodthirstiest buccaneer that sailed. Blackbeard was a child to Flint. The Spaniards were so prodigiously afraid of him, that, I tell you, sir, I 10 was sometimes proud he was an Englishman."

"Well, I've heard of him myself," said the doctor. "But the point is, had he money?"

"Money!" cried the squire. "Have you heard the story? What were these villains after but money? 15 What do they care for but money? For what would they risk their rascal carcasses but for money?"

"That we shall soon know," replied the doctor. "But you are so confoundedly hot-headed and exclamatory that I cannot get a word in. What I want to know is this. 20 Supposing that I have here in my pocket some clew to where Flint buried his treasure, will that treasure amount to much?"

"Amount, sir!" cried the squire. "It will amount to this. If we have the clew you talk about, I'll fit out 25 a ship in Bristol dock, and take you and Hawkins here along, and I'll have that treasure if I search a year."

“Very well,” said the doctor. “Now, then, if Jim is agreeable, we’ll open the packet.” And he laid it before him on the table.

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: *Treasure Island*.

bravo! well done; **poll**, head; **buccaneer**, pirate; **Blackbeard**, a famous pirate of long ago; **clew**, trace; **condescending**, showing politeness to inferiors; **prodigiously**, wonderfully.

Notice carefully the little group of characters at the squire’s house. From the description, try to imagine the squire’s appearance. Who was Mr. Dance? What story did he tell the squire and Dr. Livesey? How did they show their interest? What does the fact that the doctor wore a wig tell you about the time at which this story happened? Why did not Dr. Livesey open the mysterious package at once? Use a word in place of **prodigiously**. What did the squire mean by saying he was sometimes proud that Flint was an Englishman? What word did the squire use in place of **bodies**? Which is the more effective word to use in speaking of the blood-thirsty rascals? Did the doctor speak truly in saying the squire was “hot-headed and exclamatory”? Why did they ask Jim’s permission before opening the packet? Can you form any idea of what they hope to find?

Spelling. — Condescending, buccaneer, prodigiously, villains, proportion.

8

TREASURE ISLAND (*Concluded*)

THE bundle was sewn together, and the doctor had to get out his instrument case and cut the stitches with his medical scissors. It contained two things — a book and a sealed paper.



THE DOCTOR OPENS THE PACKET

"First of all we'll try the book," observed the doctor.

The squire and I were both peering over his shoulder as he opened it, for Dr. Livesey had kindly motioned me to come round from the side table, where I had been eating, to enjoy the sport of the search. On the first page there were only some scraps of writing, such as a man with a pen in his hand might make for idleness or practice.

"Not much instruction there," said Dr. Livesey, as he passed on.

The next ten or twelve pages were filled with a curious series of entries. There was a date at one end of the line and at the other a sum of money, as in common account books; but instead of explanatory writing, only a varying number of crosses between the two. On the 12th of June, 1745, for instance, a sum of seventy pounds had plainly become due to some one, and there was nothing but six crosses to explain the cause. In a few cases, to be sure, the name of a place would be added, as "Off Caracas"; or a mere entry of latitude and longitude, as $62^{\circ} 17' 20''$, $19^{\circ} 2' 40''$.

The record lasted over nearly twenty years, the amount of the separate entries growing larger as time went on, and at the end a grand total had been made out after five or six wrong additions, and these words appended, "Bones, his pile."

"I can't made head or tail of this," said Dr. Livesey.

"The thing is as clear as noonday," cried the squire. "This is the black-hearted hound's account book. These crosses stand for the names of ships or towns that they sank or plundered. The sums are the scoundrel's share, and where he feared an ambiguity, you see, he added 5 something clearer. 'Off Caracas,' now; you see, here was some unhappy vessel boarded off that coast. God help the poor souls that manned her — coral long ago."

"Right!" said the doctor. "See what it is to be a traveler. Right! And the amounts increase, you see, as 10 he rose in rank."

There was little else in the volume but a few bearings of places noted in the blank leaves toward the end, and a table for reducing French, English, and Spanish money to a common value. 15

"Thrifty man!" cried the doctor. "He wasn't the one to be cheated."

"And now," said the squire, "for the other."

The paper had been sealed in several places with a thimble by way of seal; the very thimble, perhaps, that I 20 had found in the captain's pocket. The doctor opened the seals with great care, and there fell out the map of an island, with latitude and longitude, soundings, names of hills, and bays and inlets, and every particular that would be needed to bring a ship to a safe anchorage upon its 25 shores. It was about nine miles long and five across, shaped, you might say like a fat dragon standing up, and

had two fine land-locked harbors, and a hill in the center, marked "The Spyglass." There were several additions of a later date ; but, above all, three crosses of red ink — two on the north part of the island, one in the southwest, and beside this last, in the same red ink, and in a small, neat hand, very different from the captain's tottery characters, these words, — "Bulk of treasure here."

Over on the back the same hand had written this further information : —

10 "Tall tree, Spyglass shoulder, bearing a point to the N. of N.N.E.

"Skeleton Island E.S.E. and by E.

"Ten feet.

"The bar silver is in the north cache ; you can find it 15 by the trend of the east hummock, ten fathoms south of the black crag with the face on it.

"The arms are easy found, in the sand hill, N. point of north inlet cape, bearing E. and a quarter N.

"J. F."

20 That was all ; but brief as it was, and, to me, incomprehensible, it filled the squire and Dr. Livesey with delight.

"Livesey," said the squire, "you will give up this wretched practice at once. To-morrow I start for Bristol. 25 In three weeks' time — three weeks ! — two weeks — ten days — we'll have the best ship, sir, and the choicest crew in England. Hawkins shall come as cabin boy. You'll

make a famous cabin boy, Hawkins. You, Livesey, are ship's doctor; I am admiral. We'll take Redruth, Joyce, and Hunter. We'll have favorable winds, a quick passage, and not the least difficulty in finding the spot, and money to eat — to roll in — to play ducks and drakes with ever after."

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: *Treasure Island*.

cache, spot where something is buried; **trend**, general direction; **hummock**, little hill; **incomprehensible**, not to be understood; **appended**, added to.

What was in the bundle? What was in the book? Who first understood the mysterious entries? Explain the crosses, the sums. What does Dr. Livesey mean by **coral long ago**? Give a synonym for **thrifty**. What was in the paper? Describe the island. Meaning of **tottery characters**. Is the word **tottery** an excellent one here? Can you imagine this kind of writing? How did the squire and the doctor feel after reading the book and paper? What did they plan to do? Notice the squire's impatience. How is it expressed? See how quickly he plans and how vividly he imagines the whole thing until he almost feels as if the treasure were in his hands. Do you know what this game of "ducks and drakes" is?

You will enjoy reading all of the story. The voyage in search of the buried treasure is not the easy, rapid one pictured by Squire Trelawney, but a wild trip full of fearful adventures. Tell the whole story, now, as far as you have read it, in a few words.

Spelling. — Hummock, incomprehensible, appended, entry, medical, varying. Notice the use of these words in the story, and be able to use them in similar sentences.

Word Study. — Can you find any examples of figurative language in this story? Is **black-hearted hound** a figure? Figures are not always used for beauty, but sometimes to make a statement more

forcible. What is the meaning of the word **appended** on page 50? The stem **pend** means "hang." What is the meaning of **depend, suspend, pendent, impending**? Can you give any other word containing this same stem?

There are two verbs which you are apt to use incorrectly, **may** and **can**. **May** is used in asking for or granting permission. **May** is also used to show possibility. **Can** either asserts ability or inquires about it. You should say, "May I be excused early?" if your intention is to ask permission to go. If you say, "Can I go early?" it is as if you said, "Is it a possible thing for me to do?" Fill the blanks in the sentences below:—

If you — catch the train, you — leave now. You — not understand the hard words, so you — look in your dictionaries. You — have trouble in finding the house, for I — not give you the exact address.

Write five sentences using **may** or **can** in each.

Composition. — Write a note to your teacher from your father or mother, asking permission for you to leave school an hour earlier than usual, and giving some good reason for the request. Be careful to use **may** and **can** correctly. Which should be inserted in the blanks below?

21 BAY STREET, YONKERS, N.Y.,
December 7, 1904.

MY DEAR MISS SMITH,

Will you kindly excuse Henry from his gymnasium work for a time? I — not tell now how long he will be unable to take violent exercise, but I — be able to tell you in a few days, after our physician has seen him again. — I also ask you to excuse his poorly prepared lessons to-day, as he was not well enough to give them his usual attention?

Very truly yours,

JOHN F. CLARK.

9

THE WRECK

[Charles Dickens is one of the best loved of English novelists because he put his *heart* in his work, and especially because he wrote with sympathy about the common people. In *David Copperfield*, from which this extract is taken, he is supposed to be telling, in large part, the story of his own life. Ham is a simple-hearted fisherman, who has known "Davy" from childhood. The man whom he dies trying to save, it turns out, is his worst enemy.]

THE thunder of the cannon, in my dream, was so loud and incessant that I could not hear something I much desired to hear, until I made a great exertion, and awoke. It was broad day — eight or nine o'clock; the storm raging in place of the batteries; and some one knocking and 5 calling at my door.

"What is the matter?" I cried.

"A wreck! Close by!"

I sprang out of bed and asked, "What wreck?"

"A schooner, from Spain or Portugal, laden with fruit 10 and wine. Make haste, sir, if you want to see her! It's thought she'll go to pieces every moment."

The excited voice went clamoring along the staircase; and I wrapped myself in my clothes as quickly as I could, and ran into the street. Numbers of people were there 15 before us, all running in one direction, to the beach. I ran the same way, outstripping a good many, and soon came facing the wild sea.

In the difficulty of hearing anything but wind and waves, and in the crowd, and the unspeakable confusion, and my first breathless attempts to stand against the weather, I was so confused that I looked out to sea for
5 the wreck, and saw nothing but the foaming heads of the great waves. A half-dressed boatman standing next me pointed with his bare arm (a tattooed arrow on it, pointing in the same direction) to the left. Then, O great Heaven! I saw it, close in upon us!

10 One mast was broken short off, six or eight feet from the deck, and lay over the side, entangled in a maze of sail and rigging; and all that ruin, as the ship rolled, beat the side as if it would stave it in. Some efforts were even then being made to cut this portion of the wreck away;
15 for as the ship, which was broadside on, turned toward us in her rolling, I plainly saw her people at work with axes, especially one active figure, with long, curling hair, conspicuous among the rest. But a great cry, which was audible even above the wind and water, rose from the
20 shore at this moment: the sea, sweeping over the rolling wreck, carried men, spars, casks, planks, bulwarks,—heaps of such toys, — into the boiling surge.

The second mast was yet standing, with the rags of a rent sail, and a wild confusion of broken cordage, flap-
25 ping to and fro. The ship had struck once, the same boatman hoarsely said in my ear, and then lifted in and struck again. I understood him to add that she was part-

ing amidships, and I could readily suppose so, for the rolling and beating were too tremendous for any human work to suffer long. As he spoke, there was another great cry of pity from the beach: four men arose with the wreck out of the deep, clinging to the rigging of the remaining mast; uppermost, the active figure with the curling hair.

There was a bell on board; and, as the ship rolled and dashed, like a desperate creature driven mad, now showing us the whole sweep of her deck, as she turned on her beam ends toward the shore, now nothing but her keel, as she sprung wildly over and turned toward the sea, the bell rang; and its sound, the knell of those unhappy men, was borne toward us on the wind. Again we lost her, and again she rose. Two men were gone. The agony on shore increased. Men groaned and clasped their hands; women shrieked, and turned away their faces. Some ran wildly up and down along the beach, crying for help where no help could be. I found myself one of these, frantically imploring a knot of sailors, whom I knew, not to let those two lost creatures perish before our eyes.

They were making out to me, in an agitated way, that the lifeboat had been bravely manned an hour ago, and could do nothing; and that, as no man would be so desperate as to attempt to wade off with a rope and establish communication with the shore, there was nothing left to try; when I noticed that some new sensation moved the

people on the beach, and saw them part, and Ham come breaking through them to the front.

I ran to him, as well as I know, to repeat my appeal for help. But, distracted though I was by a sight so new
5 to me and terrible, the determination in his face, and his look out to sea, awoke me to a knowledge of his danger. I held him back with both arms, and implored the men with whom I had been speaking not to listen to him, not to do murder, not to let him stir from off that sand.

10 Another cry arose from the shore, and, looking toward the wreck, we saw the cruel sail, with blow on blow, beat off the lower of the two men and fly up in triumph round the active figure left alone upon the mast.

15 Against such a sight, and against such determination as that of the calmly desperate man who was already accustomed to lead half the people present, I might as hopefully have entreated the wind. "Mas'r Davy," he said cheerily, grasping me by both hands, "if my time is
20 come, 'tis come. If 'tain't, I'll bide it. Lord above bless you, and bless all! Mates, make me ready! I'm agoing off!"

I was swept away, but not unkindly, to some distance, where the people around me made me stay; urging, as I
25 confusedly perceived, that he was bent on going, with help or without, and that I should endanger the precautions for his safety by troubling those with whom they rested. I

don't know what I answered, or what they rejoined, but I saw hurry on the beach, and men running with ropes from a capstan that was there, and penetrating into a circle of figures that hid him from me. Then I saw him standing alone, in a seaman's frock and trousers, a rope in his hand or slung to his wrist, another round his body; and several of the best men holding, at a little distance, to the latter, which he laid out himself, slack upon the shore, at his feet.

The wreck, even to my unpracticed eye, was breaking up. I saw that she was parting in the middle, and that the life of the solitary man upon the mast hung by a thread. Still he clung to it.

Ham watched the sea, standing alone, with the silence of suspended breath behind him and the storm before, until there was a great retiring wave, when, with a backward glance at those who held the rope, which was made fast round his body, he dashed in after it, and in a moment was buffeting with the water — rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the foam; then drawn again to land. They hauled in hastily.

He was hurt. I saw blood on his face from where I stood, but he took no thought of that. He seemed hurriedly to give them some directions for leaving him more free, — or so I judged from the motion of his arm, — and was gone, as before.

25

And now he made for the wreck — rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the rugged

foam, borne in toward the shore, borne on towards the ship, striving hard and valiantly. The distance was nothing, but the power of the sea and wind made the strife deadly.

5 At length he neared the wreck. He was so near that with one more of his vigorous strokes he would be clinging to it, — when a high, green, vast hillside of water moved on shoreward from beyond the ship, he seemed to leap up into it with a mighty bound, and the ship was gone!

10 Some eddying fragments I saw in the sea, as if a mere cask had been broken, in running to the spot where they were hauling in. They drew him to my very feet — insensible, dead. He was carried to the nearest house; and, no one preventing me now, I remained near him,
15 busy, while every means of restoration was tried; but he had been beaten to death by the great wave, and his generous heart was stilled forever.

—CHARLES DICKENS: *David Copperfield*.

incessant, without interruption, unceasing; **clamoring**, uttering loudly or repeatedly; **conspicuous**, easy to be seen; **desperate**, without hope, furious with fear or despair; **precaution**, means taken to prevent mischief or injury; **generous**, liberal.

The speaker is the hero of the story, David Copperfield. In these first lines he describes a dream. What was it? What noise does he really hear? What might you say for **in lieu of**? What dreadful thing had occurred while he slept? Picture the excited crowd all rushing down to the shore. Where did David at first look for the wreck? Where should he have looked? Describe the wreck as he saw it. What were the men seen by David trying to

do? Describe the sweeping away of the mast. Notice what word Dickens uses to describe the men and things washed overboard. Why does he call them **toys**? Picture the wreck now. To what figure is our attention directed each time the wreck is described? What sound now adds to the sadness of the scene? Describe the scene on shore. How did David act? What attempt had been previously made to save the shipwrecked sailors? Who now comes to the front? Why does David attempt to prevent him from going to the rescue? How many are left on the wreck when Ham attempts to reach it? What did Ham mean by his words to Davy? Describe Ham's first attempt and its failure; his second; his heroic death. Who was the man so frequently referred to whom Ham was trying to save (see Introduction)? Do you think he would have risked his life had he known?

Spelling. — Generous, incessant, clamoring, conspicuous, desperate, precaution.

Synonyms. — Substitute the word **calling** for its synonym **clamoring**. Do you get exactly the same idea? Which is better here?

Select synonyms from the words in the list below: —

Outstripping, stormy, clothed, outrunning, wild, vessel, excited, dressed, animated, saw, raging, schooner, roaring, boatman, shrieked, perceived, seaman, bare, quietly, sailor, unclothed, screams, brightly, calmly, cheerily, frightful, terrible, boat.

Select any five words (not synonyms) in the list, and construct sentences containing them. Then substitute a synonym found in the list for each one of the five, and tell how the sense has been changed.

Composition. — You have learned the difference between literal or plain, matter-of-fact language and **figurative** language, in which some resemblance between things otherwise unlike is so expressed that you can picture it. Sometimes a figure (which is really a picture in words) is expressed in a group of words, as "The ship rolled and dashed **like a desperate creature driven mad**"; sometimes in one word, as "the **cruel** sea." You will notice how much clearer your

idea is than it would be if the author had said in literal language, "The ship rolled and dashed with great violence."

Figurative language also makes the thing more **forcible**, that is, it affects us more strongly. You will see this also in the example above. Does it not make you fear the sea more to speak of it as **cruel**, as if it were a terrible living being, ready to destroy?

There is a third use for figures, and this you have noticed frequently. They make the thought seem more beautiful. Give some examples of figures which made the description more beautiful in *The Great Stone Face*.

In writing be careful, if you use figures, that they are suitable ones, and do not use them unless they make your thought clearer, more forcible, or more beautiful.

Write one paragraph describing some beautiful thing in nature which you have seen. Try to use one figure. Study the descriptive words used by Hawthorne, and, if possible, use some of the new words you have learned. Suppose this to be your first sentence. "Last summer I saw a beautiful waterfall." Describe the color of the water. Of what did it remind you? Did the water leap or dash or slide or jump? Like what? Describe the sound of the falls. Did they roar? Of what did the sound remind you? What did you notice about the rocks over which they fell?

When you have finished ask yourself the following questions: Have I used any figurative language? Does it make my picture clearer? more forcible? more beautiful? Have I used **correctly** any new words I have learned this term?

10

MR. WINKLE TRIES TO SKATE

[This selection is from Chapter 30 of the *Pickwick Papers*, a very amusing novel in which Charles Dickens portrays a whimsical gentleman of much dignity and importance, together with a number of his friends. You will be interested in reading the remainder of the chap-

ter for the comical adventures of Mr. Pickwick himself when he attempts to slide on the ice. In Chapter 28 you will also find an account of the Fat Boy, who is one of Dickens's most humorous creations.]

ON Christmas morning Mr. Wardle invited Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Snodgrass, Mr. Tupman, Mr. Winkle, and his other guests to go down to the pond.

"You skate, of course, Winkle?" said Mr. Wardle.

"Ye—s; oh! yes," replied Mr. Winkle. "I—I—⁵ am *rather* out of practice."

"Oh, *do* skate, Mr. Winkle," said Arabella. "I like to see it so much."

"Oh, it is so graceful," said another young lady.

A third young lady said it was "elegant," and a fourth¹⁰ expressed her opinion that it was "swanlike."

"I should be very happy, I am sure," said Mr. Winkle, reddening, "but I have no skates."

This objection was at once overruled. Trundle had a couple of pairs, and the fat boy announced that there¹⁵ were half a dozen more downstairs; whereat Mr. Winkle expressed exquisite delight, and looked exquisitely uncomfortable.

Mr. Wardle led the way to a pretty large sheet of ice, and the fat boy and Mr. Weller having shoveled and²⁰ swept away the snow which had fallen on it during the night, Mr. Bob Sawyer adjusted his skates with a skill which to Mr. Winkle was perfectly marvelous, and described circles with his left leg, and cut figures of

eight, and performed upon the ice, without once stopping for breath, a great many other pleasant and astonishing feats, to the extreme satisfaction of Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, and the ladies, which reached a pitch of
5 positive enthusiasm when Mr. Wardle and Benjamin Allen, assisted by Bob Sawyer, performed some mystic movements, which they called a reel.

All this time Mr. Winkle, with his face and hands blue with the cold, had been forcing a gimlet into the
10 soles of his shoes, and putting his skates on, with the points behind, and getting the straps into a very complicated state, with the assistance of Mr. Snodgrass, who knew rather less about skates than a Hindoo. At length, however, with the assistance of Mr. Weller, the unfortu-
15 nate skates were firmly screwed and buckled on, and Mr. Winkle was raised to his feet.

“Now, then, sir,” said Sam, in an encouraging tone, “off with you, and show them how to do it.”

“Stop, Sam, stop!” said Mr. Winkle, trembling vio-
20 lently, and clutching hold of Sam’s arms with the grasp of a drowning man. “How slippery it is, Sam!”

“Not an uncommon thing upon ice, sir,” replied Mr. Weller. “Hold up, sir!”

This last observation of Mr. Weller’s bore reference to
25 a demonstration Mr. Winkle made at the instant of a frantic desire to throw his feet in the air, and dash the back of his head on the ice.



MR. WINKLE TRIES TO SKATE

"These — these — are very awkward skates, aren't they, Sam?" inquired Mr. Winkle, staggering.

"I'm afraid there's an awkward gentleman in 'em, sir," replied Sam.

5 "Now, Winkle," cried Mr. Pickwick, quite unconscious that there was anything the matter. "Come; the ladies are all anxiety."

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Winkle, with a ghastly smile. "I'm coming."

10 "Just going to begin," said Sam, endeavoring to disengage himself. "Now, sir, start off!"

"Stop an instant, Sam," gasped Mr. Winkle, clinging most affectionately to Mr. Weller. "I find I've got a couple of coats at home that I don't want, Sam. You
15 may have them, Sam."

"Thank 'ee, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Never mind touching your hat, Sam," said Mr. Winkle, hastily. "You needn't take your hand away to do that. I meant to have given you five shillings
20 this morning for Christmas, Sam. I'll give it to you this afternoon, Sam."

"You're very good, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Just hold me at first, Sam, will you?" said Mr. Winkle. "There — that's right. I shall soon get in
25 the way of it, Sam. Not too fast, Sam; not too fast."

Mr. Winkle, stooping forward, with his body half

doubled up, was being assisted over the ice by Mr. Weller, in a very singular and unswanlike manner, when Mr. Pickwick most innocently shouted from the bank, "Sam!"

"Sir?"

5

"Here. I want you."

"Let go, sir," said Sam. "Don't you hear the governor calling? Let go, sir."

With a violent effort, Mr. Weller disengaged himself from the grasp of the agonized Pickwickian, and in so doing, gave a considerable impetus to the unhappy Mr. Winkle. With an accuracy which no degree of practice could have insured, that unfortunate gentleman bore swiftly down into the center of the reel, at the very moment when Mr. Bob Sawyer was performing a flourish of unparalleled beauty. Mr. Winkle struck wildly against him, and with a loud crash they both fell heavily. Mr. Pickwick ran to the spot. Bob Sawyer had risen to his feet, but Mr. Winkle was far too wise to do anything of the kind in skates. He was seated on the ice, making spasmodic efforts to smile; but anguish was depicted on his face.

"Are you hurt?" inquired Mr. Benjamin Allen, with great anxiety.

"Not much," said Mr. Winkle, rubbing his back very hard.

Mr. Pickwick was excited and indignant. He beck-

oned to Mr. Weller, and said in a stern voice, "Take his skates off."

"No; but really I had scarcely begun," remonstrated Mr. Winkle.

5 "Take his skates off," repeated Mr. Pickwick, firmly.

The command was not to be resisted. Mr. Winkle allowed Sam to obey in silence.

"Lift him up," said Mr. Pickwick. Sam assisted him to rise.

10 Mr. Pickwick retired a few paces apart from the bystanders; and beckoning his friend to approach, fixed a searching look upon him, and uttered in a low but distinct and emphatic tone, these remarkable words, "You're a humbug, sir."

15 "A what?" said Mr. Winkle, starting.

"A humbug, sir. I will speak plainer, if you wish it. An impostor, sir."

With those words Mr. Pickwick turned slowly on his heel, and rejoined his friends.

— CHARLES DICKENS: *Pickwick Papers*.

exquisite, extreme; **mystic**, hard to be understood; **complicated**, tangled; **impetus**, push; **Pickwickian**, a member of Mr. Pickwick's little circle of constant friends; **spasmodic**, jerky; **ghastly**, horrible.

From the opening conversation, what opinion do you form of Mr. Winkle's ability to skate? What contrast is there between Mr. Winkle's speech and his looks? How much should a Hindoo know about skating? Mr. Sam Weller, servant to Mr. Pickwick, is one of Dickens's best humorous characters. Notice his peculiar

speech. His quiet, matter-of-fact answers make the dialogue very funny. In what way is **ghastly** generally used? Is it appropriate here? Dickens is fond of using words in this exaggerated way for purposes of humor. Notice the word **frantic**. Find other examples (see page 67). Can you picture the scene as Mr. Winkle made his sudden dash into the middle of the reel?

Spelling. — Slippery, ghastly, exquisite, mystic, affectionately, marvelous.

Synonyms. — Write six sentences, each containing one of the words in your spelling lesson. Exchange your paper for a class-mate's. Substitute a synonym for each of the given words. Notice whether the sentence has now exactly the same meaning.

Punctuation. — Look at paragraphs 1, 2, 3, 4. Give a rule for the use of commas in paragraph 1. Why is the interrogation point used in paragraph 2? What kind of a sentence is this? In paragraph 3 you notice the mark which is called a "dash." It is sometimes used, as here, to indicate hesitation in speech. Find other examples of this use of the dash in this story. It is more often used to show a sudden break in a sentence. For illustrations of this, see *The Great Stone Face*, page 31.

Rule. — The dash is used when a sentence breaks off abruptly, or when there is a sudden change in the subject.

Be able to **write from dictation** paragraphs 1, 2, 3, 4. Before handing this in, ask yourself the following questions: Have I properly indented my paragraphs? Have I left margins at both left and right of my exercise? Have I punctuated correctly?

Grammar: Modifiers of Subject and Predicate. — The word **modify** means to change or alter somewhat. In the sentence **Mr. Winkle fell**, we have only our subject noun and predicate verb. When we say, **The unfortunate Mr. Winkle fell heavily**, we have **modified** or **added** to their meaning. Words which modify the subject noun in this way are called **modifiers of the subject**. Words added to

the predicate to modify its meaning are called **modifiers of the predicate**.

"The jolly crowd of Christmas guests went to the big pond." In this sentence which is the subject noun? Name the modifiers of the subject. What is the predicate verb? Name the modifiers of the predicate.

Notice how even the word **the** modifies the meaning somewhat. Substitute **a** for **the**. You see then you might mean **any** group of Christmas guests, while **the** speaks of a definite group.

Notice that a modifier is sometimes a group of words; as, to **the big pond**. What noun in this group of words? What word modifies the noun?

Any word which modifies the meaning of another is called its modifier.

Select the **modifiers of the subject** and the **modifiers of the predicate** in the following: —

The generous sailor died bravely. The indignant Mr. Pickwick turned angrily away. The selfish Mr. Gathergold died miserably. The three adventurers sailed away in their ship. The absent-minded curate fell into the briars.

Supply modifiers for the following nouns: steed, boy, wreck, pirate, stepmother.

Supply modifiers for the following verbs, asking yourself the question: ran how? slid where? sailed when? died how?

ran, slid, sailed, died.

11

THE CURATE AND THE MULBERRY TREE

DID you hear of the curate who mounted his mare
And merrily trotted along to the fair?
Of creature more tractable none ever heard;
In the height of her speed she would stop at a word;

But again, with a word, when the curate said "Hey!"
She put forth her mettle and galloped away.

As near to the gates of the city he rode,
While the sun of September all brilliantly glowed,
The good priest discovered, with eyes of desire, 5
A mulberry tree in the hedge of wild brier;
On boughs long and lofty, in many a green shoot,
Hung, large, black, and glossy, the beautiful fruit.

The curate was hungry and thirsty to boot;
He shrunk from the thorns, though he longed for the fruit; 10
With a word he arrested his courser's keen speed,
And he stood up erect on the back of his steed;
On the saddle he stood while the creature stood still,
And he gathered the fruit till he took his good fill.

"Sure, never," he thought, "was a creature so rare, 15
So docile, so true, as my excellent mare;
Lo, here now I stand," and he gazed all around,
"As safe and as steady as if on the ground;
Yet how had it been if some traveler this way,
Had, dreaming no mischief, but chanced to cry 'Hey'?" 20

He stood with his head in the mulberry tree,
And he spoke out aloud in his fond reverie;
At the sound of the word the good mare made a push,
And down went the priest in the wild-brier bush.

He remembered too late, on his thorny green bed,
 Much that well may be thought cannot wisely be said.

— THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

curate, clergyman; **tractable**, easily managed; **mettle**, high spirit; **to boot**, in addition; **docile**, easily taught; **reverie**, deep, dreamy thought.

Read the poem through and be prepared to tell the story. How many lines in each stanza? Which lines rhyme? Collect all the names applied by the curate to his horse. Is **creature** a synonym for **coursier**?

Spelling. — Curate, mettle, docile, saddle, reverie.

Word Study. — What is the stem in the word **discovered**? What is the meaning of the prefix **dis**? Can you explain the use of the word from this analysis?

Grammar. — In stanza 1 you will find the mare referred to several times without giving it a name; thus, **her**, **she**. The curate is referred to by use of the words **who**, **his**. You can readily see that these words are not **names**, but words used **for names**. We call them **pro-nouns** (**pro** meaning **for**).

See how many pronouns you can find in the remaining stanzas of this poem. If you substitute for the pronoun the noun for which it stands, you will readily see what a useful part of speech the pronoun is. The word for which a pronoun is used is called its **antecedent**.

Give pronouns which might be used in place of the following nouns: —

1. Your own name. 2. Your own name with another's. 3. The name of some one you are addressing. 4. Mary. 5. Mary's. 6. John's and Henry's. 7. A bird. 8. Mary and John.

Fill the blanks below with pronouns: —

" — an out of practice," said Mr. Winkle. "Come to —," called Mr. Pickwick. " — will all go together," said Mr. Wardle

"Watch ——!" cried the boys. Another lady said —— thought —— swanlike. —— all enjoyed themselves. Mr. Winkle wished —— had not gone with ——. "—— are a humbug!" cried Mr. Pickwick. The mare trotted along with —— master. She threw —— into the bed of wild briars.

Name all the antecedents. Make a list of the pronouns you have used and learn them. Make a definition in answer to the question, "What is a pronoun?"

12

THE STAGECOACH

[Tom is an English lad, leaving home for Rugby, a famous English school, in the times when railways were not yet introduced into England, and people traveled by stagecoach. The whole book, *Tom Brown's School-days*, is thoroughly worth reading, for it not only describes Tom's adventures in the great school, but shows how the schoolmaster made a man of him. Boys will like to see how the old game of "Rugby" was played.]

"Now, sir, time to get up, if you please. Tallyho coach for Leicester'll be round in half an hour, and don't wait for nobody." So spake the boots of the Peacock Inn, Islington, at half-past two o'clock on the morning of a day in the early part of November, 183—, giving Tom at the same time a shake by the shoulder, and then putting down a candle and carrying off his shoes to clean. Tom tumbled out of bed at the summons of Boots, and proceeded rapidly to wash and dress himself. At ten minutes to three he was down in the coffeeroom in his

stockings, carrying his hatbox, coat, and comforter in his hand ; and there he found his father nursing a bright fire, and a cup of hot coffee and a hard biscuit on the table.

5 “Now, then, Tom, give us your things here, and drink this ; there’s nothing like starting warm, old fellow.”

Tom addressed himself to the coffee, and prattled away while he worked himself into his shoes and his greatcoat, well warmed through — a Petersham coat with velvet collar, made tight after the abominable fashion of those days. And just as he was swallowing his last mouthful, winding his comforter round his throat, and tucking the ends into the breast of his coat, the horn sounds, Boots looks in and says, “Tallyho, sir ;” and they hear the ring and the 15 rattle of the four fast trotters, and the town-made drag, as it dashes up to the “Peacock.”

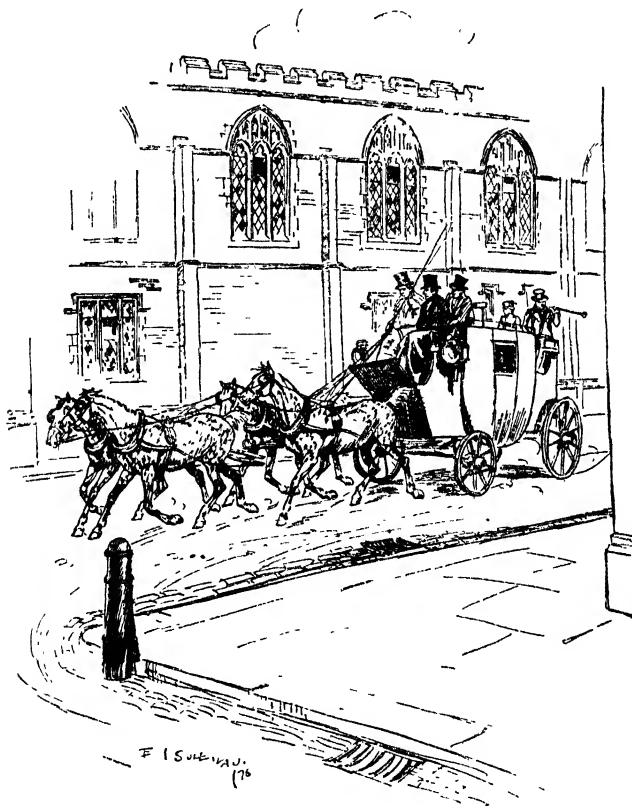
“Anything for us, Bob ?” says the burly guard, dropping down from behind, and slapping himself across the chest.

20 “Young genl’m’n, Rugby ; three parcels, Leicester ; hamper o’ game, Rugby,” answers hostler.

“Tell young gent to look alive,” says guard, opening the hind boot, and shooting in the parcels, after examining them by the lamps. “Here, shove the portmanteau 25 up atop—I’ll fasten him presently. Now then, sir, jump up behind.”

• “Good-by, father — my love at home.” A last shake

of the hand. Up goes Tom, the guard catching his hat-box and holding on with one hand, while with the other he claps the horn to his mouth. Toot, toot, toot! the



hostlers let go their heads, the four bays plunge at the collar, and away goes the tallyho into the darkness, 5 forty-five seconds from the time they pulled up.

I sometimes think that you boys of this generation are a deal tenderer fellows than we used to be. At any rate you're much more comfortable travelers, for I see every one of you with his rug or plaid, and most of you
5 going in those fuzzy, dusty, padded, first-class carriages. It was another affair altogether, a dark ride on the top of the tallyho, I can tell you, in a tight, Petersham coat, and your feet dangling six inches from the floor. Then you knew what cold was, and what it was to be without
10 legs, for not a bit of feeling had you in them after the first half hour. But it had its pleasures, — the old, dark ride. First there was the consciousness of silent endurance, so dear to every Englishman — of standing out against something, and not giving in. Then there was
15 the music of the rattling harness, and the ring of the horses' feet on the hard road, and the glare of the two bright lamps through the streaming hoarfrost, over the leaders' ears, into the darkness; and the cheery toot of the guard's horn, to warn some drowsy gateman or the
20 hostler at the next change; and the looking forward to daylight; and last, but not least, the delight of returning sensation in your toes.

The tallyho is past St. Albans, and Tom is enjoying the ride, though half frozen. The guard, who is alone
25 with him on the back of the coach, is silent, but has muffled Tom's feet up in straw, and put the end of an oat sack over his knees. The darkness has driven him

inward, and he has gone over his little past life, and thought of all his doings and promises, and of his mother and sister, and his father's last words, and has made fifty good resolutions, and means to bear himself like a brave Brown, as he is, though a young one. Then he has been forward into the mysterious boy-future, speculating as to what sort of a place Rugby is, and what they do there, and calling up all the stories of public schools which he has heard from big boys in the holidays. He is chock full of hope and life, notwithstanding the cold, and kicks his heels against the backboard, and would like to sing, only he doesn't know how his friend, the silent guard, might take it.

—THOMAS HUGHES: *Tom Brown's School-days*.

drag, heavy carriage; **boot**, place for baggage; **portmanteau**, valise or small leather trunk; **speculating**, imagining; **addressed**, attended closely to; **burly**, stout, strong; **mysterious**, difficult or impossible to understand.

What is a tallyho coach? Boots is a name given in England to the hotel servant who cleans and blacks the boots and shoes. What is meant by **nursing a fire**? Have you ever noticed **addressed** used as it is in paragraph 3? What does it mean here? Notice the speech of the boots, the hostler, and the guard. Does it remind you of any character you have read about in a previous selection? What is meant by boot in paragraph 6? What is a portmanteau? What word would you probably use in place of this? Notice the contrast the author draws between old and new methods of travel in England. After reading this paragraph, which do you think the more enjoyable? Mention some of the pleasures of the "old, dark ride." Of what is Tom thinking as he rides through the darkness?

Spelling.—Addressed, burly, mysterious, shoulder, dangling, hostler.

Word Study: Prefixes.—Misunderstand, misstep, misguide, misconduct, miscalculate. Substitute one of these words for the words in boldfaced type in the following sentences:—

The fairies desired to punish Kathleen's stepmother for her **wrong conduct**. Did the squire **wrongly understand** the mysterious writing? Did Mr. Winkle **calculate incorrectly** the distance across the pond? Sam Weller did not intend to **guide in the wrong direction** the unfortunate Mr. Winkle. The boy made a **wrong step** and fell as he tried to climb into the coach.

What meaning has the prefix **mis**? Can you think of other words using this prefix?

Composition.—You have learned how to put your sentences together in a paragraph. You must remember not to put in one paragraph sentences that are not closely related in thought. You will sometimes find in a paragraph a sentence which tells what the paragraph is about, although you must not expect to find this **topic sentence** in every paragraph. You will not be apt to find it in stories such as *Mr. Winkle tries to Skate*, but you are likely to find it in some descriptions, and very often in any kind of writing which is intended to explain.

In *The Great Stone Face*, Part 3, paragraph 1, we find this topic sentence: "The years went on, and Ernest ceased to be a boy." You will see that the topic, then, is *Ernest's Boyhood*, and you will not find any sentence in the paragraph that does not relate to this topic. Again, in *Treasure Island*, paragraph 1, you find "I had never seen the squire so near at hand," and every other sentence in the paragraph relates to the squire. See if you can select the topic sentence in paragraph 1, page 76, of *The Stagecoach*.

It will help you to form your own paragraphs carefully if in writing, especially in the kind of writing that explains, you make first a topic sentence. The topic sentence **may** stand anywhere in the paragraph, but it generally is found at the beginning. Write

one paragraph, taking for your topic sentence some one fact that you have learned this week in history, geography, or nature study. State it in a few words, and then make several good clear sentences to explain your topic, *i.e.* "Rivers are constantly wearing away the land over which they flow."

After you have finished writing, look carefully to see whether you have brought into the paragraph anything not related to your topic sentence.

13

THE STAGECOACH (*Concluded*)

AND now they begin to see, and the early life of the countryside comes out; a market cart or two, men in smock-frocks going to their work, pipe in mouth, a whiff of which is no bad smell this bright morning. The sun gets up, and the mist shines like silver gauze. They pass the hounds jogging along to a distant meet, at the heels of the huntsman's hack, whose face is about the color of the tails of his old pink, as he exchanges greetings with coachman and guard. Now they pull up at a lodge, and take on board a well-muffled-up sportsman, with his gun case and carpetbag. An early up-coach meets them, and the coachmen gather up their horses, and pass one another with the accustomed lift of the elbow, each team doing eleven miles an hour, with a mile to spare behind if necessary. And here comes breakfast. 15

"Twenty minutes here, gentleman," says the coachman, as they pull up at half-past seven at the inn door.

Have we not endured nobly this morning, and is not this a worthy reward for our endurance? There is the low, dark, wainscoted room hung with sporting prints, the hatstand (with a whip or two standing up in it belonging to bagmen who are still snug in bed) by the door; the blazing fire, with the quaint old glass over the mantelpiece, in which is stuck a large card with the list of meets for the week of the county hounds; the table covered with the whitest of cloths and of china, and bearing a pigeon pie, ham, a round of cold boiled beef cut from a mammoth ox, and the great loaf of household bread on a wooden trencher. And here comes in the stout head waiter, puffing under a tray of hot viands: kidneys and a steak, transparent rashers and poached eggs, buttered toast and muffins, coffee and tea, all smoking hot. The table never can hold it all; the cold meats are removed to the side-board, — they were only put on for show and to give us an appetite.

“Tea or coffee, sir?” says the head waiter, coming round to Tom.

“Coffee, please,” says Tom, with his mouth full of muffin and kidney; coffee is a treat to him — tea is not.

Tom has eaten kidney and pigeon pie, and imbibed coffee till his little skin is as tight as a drum, and then has the further pleasure of paying the head waiter out of his own purse, in a dignified manner, and walks out before the inn door to see the horses put to. This is done leisurely

and in a highly finished manner, by the hostlers, as if they enjoyed not being hurried. Coachman comes out with his waybill, puffing a fat cigar which the sportsman has given him.

The pinks stand about the inn door lighting cigars and waiting to see us start, while their hacks are led up and down the market place on which the inn looks. They all know our sportsman, and we feel a reflected credit when we see him chatting and laughing with them.

"Now, sir, please," says the coachman; "all the rest of the passengers are up; the guard is locking the hind boot.

"A good run to you!" says the sportsman to the pinks, and is by the coachman's side in no time.

"Let 'em go, Dick!" The hostlers fly back, drawing off the cloths from the horses' loins, and away we go through the market place, and down the High Street, looking in at the first-floor windows, and seeing several worthy citizens shaving thereat; while all the shopboys, who are cleaning the windows, and housemaids who are doing the steps, stop, and look pleased as we rattle past, as if we were a part of their morning's amusement. We clear the town and are well out between hedgerows again as the town clock strikes eight.

The sun shines almost warmly, and breakfast has oiled all springs and loosened all tongues. Tom is encouraged by a remark or two of the guard's, and besides is getting tired of not talking. He is too full of his destination to

talk about anything else, and so he asks the guard if he knows Rugby.

“Goes through it every day of my life. Twenty minutes afore twelve down — ten o’clock up.”

5 “What sort of a place is it, please?” says Tom.

The guard had just finished an account of a desperate fight which had happened at one of the fairs, between the drovers and the farmers with their whips and the boys with cricket bats, which arose out of the boys’ playful but objectionable practice of going round to the public houses and taking the linchpins out of the wheels of the gigs, when they turned a corner and neared the milestone, the third from Rugby. By the stone two boys stood, their jackets buttoned tight, waiting for the coach.

15 “Look here, sir,” said the guard, after giving a sharp toot-toot; “there’s two on ’em, out and out runners they be. They comes out about twice or three times a week, and spirts a mile alongside of us.”

And as they came up, sure enough, away went the two boys along the footpath, keeping up with the horses — the first a light, clean-made fellow, going on springs, the other stout and round-shouldered, laboring in his pace, but going as dogged as a bull-terrier.

Old Blowhard looked on admiringly. “See how beautiful that there un holds hisself together, and goes from his hips, sir,” said he; “he’s a ’mazin’ fine runner. How many coachmen as drives a first-rate team’d put it on

and try and pass 'em. But Bob, sir, bless you, he's tender-hearted; he'd sooner pull in a bit if he see'd 'em a-gettin' beat. I do b'lieve, too, as that there un'd sooner break his heart than let us go by him afore next milestone."

5

At the second milestone the boys pulled up short, and waved their hats to the guard, who had his watch out, and shouted, "4.56," thereby indicating that the mile had been done in four seconds under the five minutes. They passed several more parties of boys, all of them objects of deepest interest to Tom, and came in sight of the town at ten minutes before twelve. Tom fetched a long breath, and thought he had never spent a pleasanter day. Before he went to bed he had quite settled that it must be the greatest day he should ever spend, and didn't alter his opinion for many a long year — if he has yet.

—THOMAS HUGHES: *Tom Brown's School-days*.

smock-frock, a workman's blouse; **hack**, horse; **pink**, red coat; **mammoth**, enormous (the mammoth was a large elephant, whose bones are now sometimes found); **trencher**, platter; **viands**, articles of food; **imbibed**, drank; **destination**, place set for a journey's end.

In what way does the author let us know it is day without stating it plainly? Mention some of the signs of early morning. What beautiful comparison does he use in describing the mist? What is a **huntsman's pack**? A **pink**? Picture the breakfast room. Picture the scene at the inn door. Describe the ride through the town. Give Tom's conversation with the guard. What pranks of the Rugby boys does the guard relate? Describe the two Rugby boys who now appear. Who is **Old Blowhard**? What does Tom feel about this day?

Spelling. — Mammoth, viands, dogged, imbibed, destination.

Word Study. — What use of figurative language in paragraph 11? Figurative language expresses or implies a comparison. Can you point out the comparison here? To what is breakfast compared? To what are the people compared? Is the figure forcible?

“Anything for us, Bob?” said the **burly** guard. Tom’s feet were **dangling** six inches from the floor. The beef had been cut from a **mammoth** ox. Is not this a **worthy** reward for our endurance?

Rewrite, using synonyms for the words in boldfaced type.

Composition. — In writing a composition you have a **subject** which is indicated in your title. You must see how many different points you are going to write about under that one subject. Either write down the topic, or make a full topic sentence, for each point, and then you will know how many paragraphs you are to have. Suppose you are to write on *A Day in the Woods*; you might write down the following headings: (1) The ride to the woods; (2) What happened there; (3) The return. Under topic 1, decide how many things you want to tell about. Do the same thing for 2 and 3. Then you have all your material. The next thing to do is to arrange your facts in some sort of order, generally giving them in order of time.

In *The Stagecoach* notice the plan:— Paragraph 1. Tom gets up. Paragraph 2. You remember that in conversation a whole paragraph is given to each person’s speech. Paragraph 3. Getting ready to start. Paragraphs 4, 5, 6. Conversation. Paragraph 7. The start. Paragraph 8. The author’s remarks on the “old, dark ride.” Paragraph 9. The dark ride. Could you exchange the places of any of these paragraphs? Why not?

Write down a topic (not necessarily a topic sentence, for you will not always find one) for each paragraph in Part 2 of *The Stagecoach*.

The following plan for a composition will serve you for a model:—

Title. — *Going to the Country.*

Topics. — 1. *The Start.* — (a) Time we reached the train; (b) Who were there to see us off; (c) Good-by — the train starts.

2 *The Journey.* — (a) Scenery; (b) Comforts or discomforts.

3. *The Arrival.* — (a) Time; (b) Tired or not; (c) Appearance of place; (d) Who were there to meet us.

Take for your title *The School Picnic*, or *Going Away to School*, or *Our Trolley Ride*, or *A Trip up the Hudson*, or any other similar title. Prepare an outline with three paragraph topics. Indicate your sentence topics as in model.

Grammar. — In Lesson 12, you learned that words which modify other words are called their **modifiers**. You supplied modifiers to a number of nouns, and may have noticed that in every case you used the part of speech which you know is an **adjective**. For what then is an adjective used? All adjectives modify nouns or the words which stand for nouns (what are they?), but **not all words that modify nouns are adjectives**. Thus, in "Tom's **dark** ride," two words limit or modify the meaning of ride. The adjective **dark** does not allow the noun **ride** to be applied to a **light** ride, and **Tom's** makes it refer to this ride taken by Tom. But **Tom**, as you know, is a boy's name, and, therefore, a noun. Again, in this sentence, "Tom is enjoying **his** ride," **his** takes the place of **Tom's**, and is a pronoun showing possession, and not an adjective, although it modifies the noun **ride**. Be careful not to classify as adjectives nouns or pronouns that modify nouns by denoting possession.

14

WE ARE SEVEN

A SIMPLE child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl :

She was eight years old, she said ;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

5 She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad ;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair ; —
Her beauty made me glad.

“ Sisters and brothers, little maid,
10 How many may you be ? ”
“ How many ! Seven in all,” she said,
And wondering looked at me.

“ And where are they ? I pray you tell.”
She answered, “ Seven are we ;
15 And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

“ Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother ;
And in the churchyard cottage, I
20 Dwell near them with my mother.”

“ You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven ! I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be ? ”

Then did the little maid reply,
 "Seven boys and girls are we ;
 Two of us in the churchyard lie,
 Beneath the churchyard tree."

“ You run about, my little maid ; 5
 Your limbs they are alive ;
 If two are in the churchyard laid,
 Then ye are only five.”

“Their graves are green, they may be seen,”
The little maid replied, 10
“Twelve steps or more from my mother’s door,
And they are side by side.

“My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem ;
And there upon the ground I sit,
I sit and sing to them.

“ And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

“How many are you, then,” said I,
 “If the two are in heaven?”
 Quick was the little maid’s reply.
 “O master! we are seven.”

"But they are dead ; those two are dead ;

Their spirits are in heaven ! "

'Twas throwing words away ; for still

The little maid would have her will ;

5 And said, " Nay, we are seven ! "

— WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

porringer, bowl for porridge ; **rustic**, country-like.

Meaning of **lightly** ? Would you expect a little child to know much about death ? Can you imagine the appearance of the little girl ? Note the rather unusual use of the word **wildly**. You generally think of it as meaning fiercely or violently. You know the difference between wild flowers and cultivated flowers. There is a like difference between this little woodland maid and the little-city girl. Does she not remind you of a little wild flower ? Wordsworth was fond of writing about children who lived close to nature. Have you read *Lucy Gray* ?

Give the conversation between the poet and the little girl, as found in stanzas 4, 5, and 6. What did the poet try to explain to the little girl ? Did he succeed in convincing her ? What were her final words to him ? Who was right, the poet or the little maid ? Which lines do you like best ? Commit them to memory.

Spelling. — Kerchief, porringer, rustic.

Composition. — Study, so that you can write from dictation, stanzas 4, 5, and 6. Exchange your paper for a classmate's, and indicate his errors in the following way. Underline the mistake and on the same line, but in the margin, indicate whether the mistake was in spelling, capitalization, or punctuation. Use S for incorrect spelling ; C for a mistake in capitalization ; P for a mistake in punctuation.

When you receive your own paper, compare with the book to see if the markings are properly made. Then close books, and rewrite, correcting all mistakes.

15

VOLCANOES

WHY is a volcano like a cone?

For the same cause for which a molehill is like a cone, though a very rough one; and that the little heaps which the burrowing beetles make are all something in the shape of a cone, with a hole like a crater in the middle. What 5 the beetle does on a very little scale, the steam inside the earth does on a great scale. When once it has forced its way into the outside air, it tears out the rocks underground, grinds them small against each other, often into the finest dust, and blasts them out of the hole which 10 it has made. Some of them fall back into the hole, and are shot out again; but most of them fall round the hole, most of them close to it, and fewer of them further off, till they are piled up in a ring round it, just as the sand is piled up round a beetle's burrow. For days, 15 and weeks, and months this goes on; even, it may be, for hundreds of years; till a great cone is formed round the steam vent, hundreds or thousands of feet in height, of dust and stones, and of cinders likewise. For recollect that when the steam has blown away the cold earth 20 and rock near the surface of the ground, it begins blowing out the hot rocks down below, red-hot, white-hot, and at last actually melted. But these, as they are hurled into the cool air above, become ashes, cinders,

and blocks of stone again, making the hill on which they fall bigger and bigger continually.

And why is the mouth of the chimney called a crater?

6 Crater is Greek for a cup. And the mouth of these chimneys, when they have become choked and have stopped working, are often just the shape of a cup. I have seen some of them as beautifully and exactly rounded as if a cunning engineer had planned them, and had them
10 dug out with the spade. And often the worn-out craters are turned into beautiful lakes. And long did I puzzle to find out why the water stood in some craters, while others, within a mile of them perhaps, were perfectly dry. That I never found out for myself. But learned
15 men tell me that the ashes which fall back into the crater, if the bottom of it be wet from rain, will sometimes "set" (as it is called) into a hard cement; and so make the bottom of the great bowl waterproof, as if it were made of earthenware.

20 But what gives the craters this cup-shape at first?

Think. While the steam and stones are being blown out, the crater is an open funnel, with more or less upright walls inside. As the steam grows weaker, fewer and fewer stones fall outside, and more and more fall
25 back again inside. At last they quite choke up the bottom of the great round hole. Perhaps, too, the lava or melted rock underneath cools and grows hard, and

that chokes up the hole lower down. Then, down from the round edge of the crater the stones and cinders roll inward more and more. The rains wash them down; the wind blows them down. They roll to the middle, and meet each other, and stop. And so gradually the steep funnel becomes a round cup. You may prove for yourself that it must be so, if you will try. Do you not know that if you dig a round hole in the ground, and leave it to crumble in, it is sure to become cup-shaped at last, though at first its sides may have been quite upright, like those of a bucket? If you do not know, get a trowel and make your little experiment.

And now you ought to understand what "cone" and "crater" mean. And more, if you will think for yourself, you may guess what would come out of a volcano when it broke out "in an eruption," as it is usually called. First, clouds of steam and dust (what you would call smoke); then volleys of stones, some cool, some burning hot; and at the last, because it lies lowest of all, the melted rock itself, which is called "lava."

And where would that come out? At the top of the chimney? At the top of the cone?

No, the melted lava rises in the crater, — the funnel inside the cone, — but it never gets to the top. It is so enormously heavy that the sides of the cone cannot bear its weight, and give way low down. And then, through ashes and cinders, the melted lava burrows out, twisting

and twirling like an enormous, fiery earthworm, till it gets to the air outside, and runs off down the mountain in a stream of fire. And so you may see two eruptions at once, — one of burning stones above, and one of melted lava below.

— CHARLES KINGSLEY: *Madam How and Lady Why*.

What is a volcano? a cone? Read carefully so that you can give an answer to the question which forms the first paragraph. After reading paragraph 2 explain how a volcano is built. What is the meaning of the word **crater**? Give a synonym for **cunning**. Why do some craters contain lakes? What makes them cup-shaped? What is a funnel? In a volcanic eruption, why do the stones come out before the lava? Where does this come out? What comparison does Kingsley make to help you to imagine how the streams of melted lava look?

Spelling. — Funnel, crater, volcano, eruption, lava, burrows.

Composition. — The kind of writing which is intended to explain something is called **exposition**. As in descriptive writing, the first thing is to be sure you understand the thing you intend to explain. Then outline your composition, selecting the main topics for your paragraphs.

In writing a story you had little trouble with the arrangement of your paragraphs, for they generally follow one another in order of time. You will find it somewhat harder in **exposition**. The best way to learn how to do this is to study the way some good author has done it.

Paragraph 1.* Tells why a volcano is like a cone.

Paragraph 2. Tells why the opening in the cone is called a crater.

Paragraph 3. Explains why the crater is cup-shaped.

Paragraph 4. Explains an eruption.

Paragraph 5. Explains the bursting through on the side.

* In this numbering, we omit the two paragraphs of one sentence each.

Try reading paragraph 4 directly after paragraph 2, or change the position of any other paragraph. You will see at once that the author had a reason for his arrangement. He began with the cone. The crater is part of the cone, so that should come next. The shape of the crater of course should be explained before going on to a new subject, the eruption. The last paragraph completes the account of the eruption.

Take a short exposition from some text-book, — your geography, for instance. Read only three or four paragraphs, and see if you can make an outline, writing down the topic, or the topic sentence if there is one, for each paragraph.

16

AN ERUPTION OF MOUNT ETNA

WE had not proceeded far before a new sign called my attention to the mountain. Not only was there a perceptible jar or vibration in the earth, but a dull, groaning sound, like the muttering of distant thunder, began to be heard. The smoke increased in amount, and, as we advanced 5 further to the eastward, and much nearer to the great cone, I perceived that it consisted of two jets, issuing from different mouths. A broad stream of very dense, white smoke still flowed over the lip of the topmost crater and down the eastern side. As its breadth did not vary, 10 and the edges were distinctly defined, it was no doubt the sulphurous vapor rising from a river of molten lava. Perhaps a thousand yards below, a much stronger column of mingled black and white smoke gushed up, in regular

beats or pants, from a depression in the mountain side, between two small cones. All this part of Etna was scarred with deep chasms, and in the bottom of those nearest the opening, I could see the red gleam of fire. The
5 air was perfectly still, and as yet there was no cloud in the sky.

When we stopped to change horses, I felt the first violent trembling of the earth and the awful sternness of the sound. Groups of the villagers were gathered
10 in the streets which looked upward to Etna, and discussing the chances of an eruption. "Ah," said an old peasant, "the Mountain knows how to make himself respected. When he talks, everybody listens." The sound was the most awful that ever met my ears. It was a hard, pain-
15 ful moan, now and then fluttering like a suppressed sob, and had, at the same time, an expression of threatening and of agony. It did not come from Etna alone. It was in the air, in the depths of the sea, in the earth under my feet — everywhere, in fact; and as it continued to
20 increase in violence, I experienced a sensation of positive pain.

As we rode along, all the rattling of the coach over the rough road could not drown the awful noise. There was a strong smell of sulphur in the air, and the thick
25 pants of smoke from the lower crater continued to increase in strength. The sun was fierce and hot, and the edges of the sulphurous clouds shone with a dazzling

whiteness. A mounted soldier overtook us, and rode beside the coach, talking with the postilion. He had been up to the mountain, and was taking his report to the governor of the district. The heat of the day and the continued trembling of the air lulled me into a sort of doze, when I was suddenly aroused by a cry from the soldier and the stopping of the coach. At the same time, there was a terrific peal of sound, followed by a jar which must have shaken the whole island.

We looked up to Etna, which was fortunately in full view before us. An immense mass of snow-white smoke had burst up from the crater and was rising perpendicularly into the air, its rounded clouds rapidly whirling one over the other, yet urged with such force that they only rolled outward after they had ascended to an immense height. It might have been one minute or five, — for I was so entranced by this wonderful spectacle that I had lost the sense of time, — but it seemed instantaneous (so rapid and violent were the effects of the explosion), when there stood in the air, based on the summit of the mountain, a mass of smoke four or five miles high, and shaped precisely like the Italian pine tree.

Words cannot describe the grandeur of this mighty tree. Its trunk of columned smoke, one side of which was silvered by the sun, while the other, in shadow, was lurid with red flame, rose for more than a mile before it sent out its cloudy boughs. Then parting into a thou-

sand streams, each of which again threw out its branching tufts of smoke, rolling and waving in the air, it stood in intense relief against the dark blue of the sky. Its rounded masses of foliage were dazzling white on one side, while, in the shadowy depths of the branches, there was a constant play of brown, yellow, and crimson tints, revealing the central shaft of fire.

This outburst seemed to have relieved the mountain, though the terrible noise still droned in the air, and earth, and sea. And now, from the base of the tree, three white streams slowly crept into as many separate chasms, against the walls of which played the flickering glow of the burning lava. The column of smoke and flame was still hurled upward, and the tree, after standing about ten minutes — a new and awful revelation of the active forces of nature — gradually rose and spread, lost its form, and slowly moved by a light wind (the first that disturbed the dead calm of the day), bent over to the eastward.

We resumed our course. The vast belt of smoke at last arched over the strait, here about twenty miles wide, and sank toward the distant Calabrian shore. As we drove under it for some miles of our way, the sun was totally obscured, and the sky presented the singular spectacle of two hemispheres of clear blue, with a broad belt of darkness drawn between them. There was a hot, sulphurous vapor in the air, and showers of white ashes fell from time to time. We were distant about twelve miles, in a straight

line, from the crater; but the air was so clear, even under the shadow of the smoke, that I could distinctly trace the downward movement of the rivers of lava.

—BAYARD TAYLOR: *The Lands of the Saracen.*

perceptible, known through the senses; **vibration**, rapid motion back and forth; **postilion**, rider of one of the horses which drew the coach; **impetus**, force with which something is driven; **entranced**, as if in a dream or trance; **suppressed**, not uttered freely; **instantaneous**, in an instant; **revelation**, a making known, showing forth something before hidden; **lurid**, giving a ghastly, dull-red light.

Charles Kingsley has explained to you the action of volcanoes. In this selection Bayard Taylor describes an eruption which he once saw.

Where is Mount Etna? What two things called Bayard Taylor's attention to the mountain? What other thing had he evidently noticed before the vibration and the sound? Describe the two jets of smoke. How does he explain their presence? Meaning of **extinct**? Picture the group of people. Describe the awful sound.

Try to imagine it all: the noise, the strong smell of sulphur, and the appearance of the mountain. Describe the final explosion and the appearance of the mountain after the shock. What did the column of smoke resemble?

What is the topic sentence of paragraph 4? Can you imagine this beautiful sight? Picture the tree, and after reading the paragraph carefully two or three times try to describe it. Can you explain why the tremors were now less violent? What were the three white streams? What became of the wonderful tree of smoke? The strait referred to here is the Strait of Messina, which separates the island of Sicily from the province of Calabria in the southern part of Italy. Describe the singular appearance of the sky. Do you remember to what Kingsley compared the streams of lava?

You have in these two selections about volcanoes examples of two kinds of writing. Kingsley's writing was to **explain**, to help

you to understand. Such writing is called **exposition**. Bayard Taylor's purpose was to enable you to see the volcano as he saw it. Such writing is called **description**.

Spelling. — Lurid, suppressed, revelation, instantaneous, sulphur.

Word Study. — You will be interested in the word **spectacle** in the sentence, "The sky presented the singular spectacle of two hemispheres of clear blue, with a broad belt of darkness drawn between them." The Latin **spect** means "seen." Try to find other words containing **spic** or **spect**, and notice their meaning.

Keep in a blank book a list of stems, as you learn them, with their meanings; a list of prefixes with their meanings; a list of suffixes with their meanings.

Composition. — In writing of any kind, the most important thing is to make yourself understood. You have learned that figurative language often helps us to express our ideas clearly, by comparing things. All comparisons, however, are not figurative. On page 364 you will find the author trying to give you an idea of the enormous distance between the earth and the sun by telling you how long it would take a railroad train to travel from one to the other. 'If you wanted to give some one an idea of the height of the Great Stone Face, you might compare it with the height of some building you had seen. This method of expression is very common, and if you look for it, you will find many examples in our ordinary speech, as "busy as a bee," "brown as a berry," "fair as a lily," "clear as a bell," "black as night," etc.

Write a letter describing something which is peculiar to your part of the country. Address some one living in an entirely different place. Try to make your description clear by comparing it with something you know he has seen. If you live in the south, you might describe a cotton field or an orange grove to some one living north. Or, if things are reversed, describe a snowstorm or a sleigh.

Grammar. — To analyze anything is to separate it into its parts. You analyze a word when you tell its stem, its prefix, and its suffix.

You analyze a sentence when you separate it into its subject and predicate, and name the modifiers of the different parts. Always begin your analysis of a sentence by telling the **kind** of sentence.

MODEL FOR ANALYSIS

The little cottage girl looked at me.

Kind, a declarative sentence, because it states or declares.

Entire subject, the little cottage girl.

Entire predicate, looked at me.

Subject noun, girl.

Verb, looked.

Modifiers of the subject noun, the, little, cottage.

Modifier of the verb, at me.

In like manner analyze the following sentences:—

1. The bright sun shines warmly. 2. The green field sleeps in the sun. 3. The small birds twitter cheerfully. 4. My sisters and brothers are sleeping in the churchyard (In this sentence, when you name the subject nouns, tell what kind of subject it is.) 5. The melted lava rises rapidly in the crater.

17

THE SONG OF THE CAMP

“GIVE us a song!” the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said,
"We storm the forts to-morrow ;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

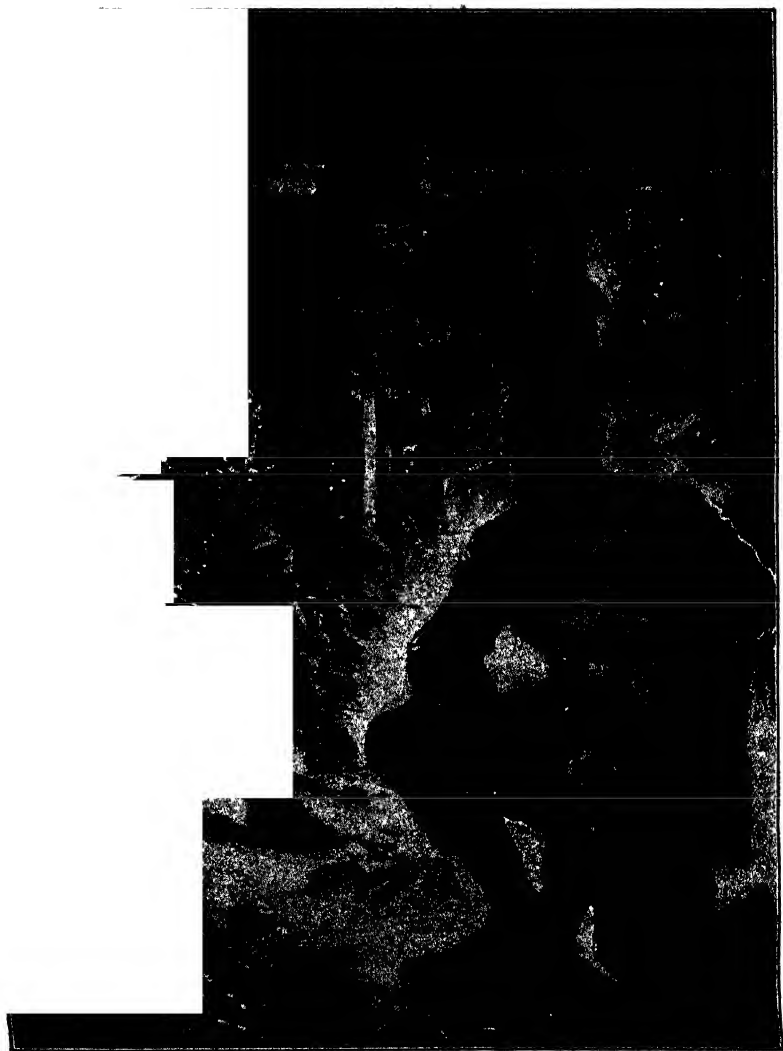
5 They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon :
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame ;
10 Forgot was Britain's glory :
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
15 Rose like an anthem, rich and strong, —
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek,
20 Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.



A SONG IN CAMP

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

10

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing:
The bravest are the tenderest,—
The loving are the daring.

—BAYARD TAYLOR.

Redan and **Malakoff**, Russian forts; **bombarding**, attacking with cannon balls or shells; **belched**, thrown out violently; **tawny**, brownish yellow; **mortars**, cannon.

How many accents in the first verse of each stanza? in the third? in the second? in the fourth? What verses rhyme?

The incident narrated is supposed to have occurred in the Crimea, a peninsula in the Black Sea, in Southern Russia, when the English and their allies, the French, were fighting against the Russians. You have read about another incident in the same war in Tennyson's *Charge of the Light Brigade*.

In the first stanza we have a picture of the allied armies surrounding the forts which they have been bombarding. It is night, and the firing has ceased. Why did Redan seem to scoff? What is proposed by a soldier? Severn, Clyde, and Shannon are rivers

in England, Scotland, and Ireland. Put the last lines of stanza 4 into your own words without mentioning the rivers.

What was the theme of their song? What old familiar song did they sing? Of what was each soldier thinking? What figure in stanza 8? Can you express this in literal language? Do you think the word **bloody** a good one to use here? Why? Was it unmanly for these soldiers to shed tears as they thought of home and loved ones? How are we given to understand that it did not make them less courageous? What are we told indirectly in stanza 10? What direct answer does Bayard Taylor give to the question?

Spelling.—Trenches, bombarding, belched, tawny, mortars, bel-
lowing.

Word Study.—The stem **fort** means “strong.” Notice its use in the following words: **fortress, fort, fortissimo, fortify, fortitude.**

Composition.—Complete the following letter, first making an outline for the additional paragraphs.

ASHFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS,
June 30, 1904.

DEAR GEORGE,

Here we are, quite at home in this quiet New England village, —but I promised to tell you everything about our journey here, so I must go back to the beginning.

Early on Saturday morning we left home, and after a chilly, disagreeable ride in the open car, reached the Grand Central Depot. We had no sooner entered the waiting room than I spied Uncle Frank and Cousin Will, who had dropped in on their way down town to see us off. We had only time to shake hands and say “good-by,” for it was about time for the train to start. We rushed through the gate and climbed up the steps in hot haste, and none too soon; for we were barely seated when the steam whistle gave a shrill scream, the cars gave a jerk, and off we started.

Punctuation: Quotations.—In either divided or undivided, direct or indirect quotations, as you have written them thus far, you have in some way indicated the author of the words quoted.

Sometimes, however, a few words of some one else just express what you want to say, when you use them with quotation marks, but do not name the author, and go on as if it were your own remark. Thus:—

As we rode along we saw the cattle grazing and counted “forty feeding as one.”

She was a sweet little maiden, with “a rustic, woodland air” that attracted me.

These partial quotations should not begin with capital letters.

Write five sentences containing partial quotations, not naming the author. Exchange your paper for a classmate's. Ask the following questions, and write answers on the blank side of the paper: 1. Are the partial quotations included in quotation marks? (Write “correct” or “incorrect.”) 2. Are they begun, as they should be, with small letters? 3. Is each sentence begun with a capital letter? 4. Is the proper punctuation mark at the end of each sentence?

18

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

[Sir John Moore, a brave English general, was killed in Spain, where the English were fighting against the armies of Napoleon, and was buried by night on the battleground.]

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

8

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him ;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said, 5
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow, 10
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;
But little he'll reckon, if they let him sleep on 15
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing. 20

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

— CHARLES WOLFE.

corse, corpse, body; **rampart**, embankment surrounding a fort; **reck**, care; **random**, without aim, scattering.

Who is represented as speaking in this poem? What account is he giving? Read the whole poem, trying to picture the scene. It is said that Sir John Moore had often declared that if he were killed in battle he wished to be buried where he had fallen. What opinion of Sir John Moore would you form from this poem? What word might you use to describe this midnight scene? Is "struggling" used literally? What beautiful and appropriate comparison is made here (stanza 3)? What thought added to the grief of his companions (stanzas 4-6)? How was the burial interrupted? What is meant by "retiring"? Did he need a monument? Is not this poem a beautiful monument to his memory? How many strongly accented syllables are there in the first lines of each stanza? in the third? in the second? in the fourth? Which lines do you think the best? Learn them.

Spelling. — Rampart, bayonet, random, funeral.

Synonyms. — Substitute synonyms for **dimly** (stanza 2); **warrior** (stanza 3); **upbraid** (stanza 6). Do you like these as well as the poet's words?

Grammar. — What are pronouns? Name all the pronouns in the poem. Substitute their antecedents for the pronouns. Which of these pronouns show possession?

Rule. — Pronouns used in place of possessive nouns are called possessive pronouns.

Substitute possessive pronouns for the possessive nouns in the following sentences:—

The maiden's beauty made me glad. Before the children's deaths they "were seven." Tom's feet were dangling six inches from the floor. The last words were the maid's.

Fill the blanks in the following:—

The gun had ceased — firing. We waved — flags in honor of the passing veterans. This book is not —; it is —. Will you lend me — book to help me in preparing — lesson?

Give the possessives for **he, she, me, you, I, we, our, it.**

Possessive nouns always require an apostrophe to distinguish them from nouns which do not denote possession. Thus, **boys, boy's, boys'**, all sound alike, and the only way to indicate the difference in use is to put the apostrophe in its correct place. Possessive pronouns are not used in any other way than to denote possession. You must never write a possessive pronoun with an apostrophe. The apostrophe is used with a pronoun in a contraction, and this is probably why people sometimes put it in the possessive pronoun. Thus, "It's time to give the bird its dinner." The contraction **you're** (you are) is spelled differently from the possessive pronoun **your**, yet pupils sometimes confuse them.

Write sentences containing **it's, its, your, you're.**

19

TWO FEARLESS LADS

[The novel, *The Crossing*, from which this incident is taken, deals with American history at about the time of the Revolution, when settlers from the east were beginning to cross the mountains and make themselves homes in what was then the wilderness of Kentucky. The incident here told, however, takes place on a plantation near Charleston, South Carolina, where David Ritchie, a Kentucky lad, is living with his cousin, Nick Temple. The Temples upheld the king of England and thus spoke of our own soldiers as "rebels."]

How many slaves there were at Temple Bow I know not, but we used to see them coming home at night in droves, the overseers riding beside them with whips and guns. One day a huge Congo chief, not long from Africa, nearly killed an overseer, and escaped to the swamp. As

the day fell, we heard the baying of the bloodhounds hot upon his trail. More ominous still, a sound like a rising wind came from the direction of the quarters. Into our little dining room burst Mrs. Temple herself, slamming the door behind her. Mr. Mason, who was sitting with us, rose to calm her.

"The Rebels!" she cried, "the Rebels have taught them this, with their accursed notions of liberty and equality. We shall all be murdered by the blacks because of the Rebels. Have the house barred, and a watch set to-night. What shall we do?"

"I pray you compose yourself, Madame," said the clergyman. "We can send for the militia."

"The militia!" she shrieked; "the Rebel militia!"

15 "They are respectable men," answered Mr. Mason, "and were at Fanning Hall to-day."

"I would rather be killed by whites than blacks," said the lady. "But who is to go for the militia?"

"I will ride for them," said Mr. Mason. It was a dark, lowering night, and spitting rain.

"And leave me defenseless!" she cried. "You do not stir, sir."

"I will go," said Nick; "I can get through the woods to Fanning Hall —"

25 "And I will go with him," I said.

"Let them go," she said, and cut short Mr. Mason's objections. She drew Nick to her and kissed him. He

wriggled away, and without more ado we climbed out of the dining-room windows into the night. Running across the lawn, we left the lights of the great house twinkling behind us in the rain. We had to pass the long line of cabins at the quarters. Three overseers with lanterns 5 stood guard there; the cabins were dark, the wretches within silent and cowed. Then we felt with our feet for the path across the fields, stumbled over a stile, and took our way through the black woods. I was at home here, and Nick was not to be frightened. At intervals 10 the mournful bay of a bloodhound came to us from a distance.

“Suppose we should meet the Congo chief,” said Nick, suddenly.

The idea had occurred to me. 15

“She needn’t have been so frightened,” said he, in scornful remembrance of his mother’s actions.

We pressed on. Nick knew the path as only a boy can. Half an hour passed. It grew brighter. The rain ceased, and a new moon shot out between the leaves. I 20 seized his arm.

“What’s that?” I whispered.

“A deer.”

But I, cradled in woodcraft, had heard plainly a man creeping through the underbrush beside us. Fear of the 25 Congo chief and pity for the wretch tore at my heart. Suddenly there loomed in front of us, on the path, a



NICK AND DAVY MEET THE CONGO CHIEF

great, naked man. We stood with useless limbs, staring at him.

Then from the trees over our heads came a chittering and a chattering such as I had never heard. The big man before us dropped to the earth, his head bowed, muttering. As for me, my fright increased. The chattering stopped, and Nick stepped forward, and laid his hand on the negro's bare shoulder.

"We needn't be afraid of him now, Davy," he said. "I learned that trick from a Portuguese overseer we had 10 last year."

"You did it!" I exclaimed, my astonishment overcoming my fear.

"It's the way the monkeys chatter in the Canaries," he said. "Manuel had a tame one, and I heard it talk. 15 Once before I tried it on the chief, and he fell down. He thinks I'm a god."

It must have been a weird scene to see the great negro following two boys in the moonlight. Indeed, he came after us like a dog. At length we were in sight of 20 the lights of Fanning Hall. The militia was there. We were challenged by the guard, and caused sufficient amazement when we appeared in the hall before the master, who was a bachelor of fifty.

"Nick Temple!" he cried, "what are you doing here 25 with that big Congo for a dog? The sight of him frightens me."

The negro, indeed, was a sight to frighten one. The black mud of the swamps was caked on him, and his flesh was torn by brambles.

"He ran away," said Nick, "and I'm taking him home."

"You—you are taking him home!" sputtered Mr. Fanning.

"Do you want to see him act?" said Nick. And without waiting for a reply he filled the hall with a dozen monkeys. Mr. Fanning leaped back into a doorway, but the chief prostrated himself on the floor. "Now do you believe I can take him home?" said Nick.

"You beat the devil, Nicholas Temple," said Mr. Fanning, when he had his breath. "The next time you come to call I pray you leave your traveling show at home."

"Mamma sent me for the militia," said Nick.

"She did!" said Mr. Fanning, looking grim. "An insurrection is a bad thing, but there was no danger for two lads in the woods, I suppose."

"There's no danger anyway," said Nick.

Mr. Fanning burst out into a loud laugh, stopped suddenly, sat down, and took Nick on his knee.

"I must go home," said Nick; "she will be worried."
25 "*She* will be worried!" cried Mr. Fanning, in a burst of anger. Then he said: "You shall have the militia. You shall have the militia." He rang a bell and sent his

steward for the captain, a gawky, country farmer, who gave a gasp when he came upon the scene in the hall.

"And mind," said Nick to the captain, "you are to keep your men away from him, or he will kill one of them."

The captain grinned at him curiously. 5.

"I reckon I shan't have to tell them to keep away," said he:

Mr. Fanning started us for the walk with pockets filled with sweetmeats, which we nibbled on the way back. We made a queer procession, Nick and I striding 10 ahead to show the path, followed by the now servile chief, and after him the captain and his twenty men in single file. It was midnight when we saw the lights of Temple Bow through the trees. One of the tired overseers met us near the kitchen. When he perceived the Congo, his 15 face lighted up with rage, and he instinctively reached for his whip. But the chief stood before him, immovable, with arms folded, and a look on his face that meant danger.

"He will kill you, Emory," said Nick; "he will kill 20 you if you touch him."

Emory dropped his hand limply.

"He will go to work in the morning," said Nick; "but mind you, not a lash."

"Very good, Master Nick," said the man; "but 25 who's to get him in his cabin?"

"I will," said Nick. He beckoned to the Congo, who

followed him over to quarters and went in at his door without a protest.

— WINSTON CHURCHILL: *The Crossing*.

ominous, foretelling danger; **defenseless**, without means of protection; **weird**, strange; **insurrection**, a rising up against authority; **servile**, slavelike; **instinctively**, without thought.

Who is telling the story? What was the condition of affairs at the beginning of the story? What danger threatened? Tell the story of the capture of the Congo chief. Give an account of the happenings at Fanning Hall. Tell about the return. What opinion do you form of Mrs. Temple? Name the passages on which you base your opinion. Who would you select as the hero of the story? There is a word in the title which describes him. What could you add to this from his remarks to Mr. Fanning? To the overseer respecting the Congo chief? At about what time in history is this story supposed to have occurred? Who are meant by "the Rebels"?

Spelling.— Ominous, defenseless, weird, insurrection, instinctively.

Word Study.— Analyze the word **midnight**. What is the stem? Meaning of the prefix **mid** in **midland**, **midship**, **midwinter**? Add to this list.

On page 108 what words could you substitute for the word **defenseless**? Analyze **homeless**, **childless**, **penniless**. What is the meaning of the suffix **less**? Give other words containing this suffix.

Punctuation.— You remember that the semicolon is used to separate the parts of a very long sentence, especially when there is no connecting word between the two, as in the following: "Three overseers with lanterns stood guard there; the cabins were dark, the wretches within silent and cowed." Try to find other examples of this use of the semicolon.

20

THE HEIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS

[Oliver Wendell Holmes was a wise and witty physician in Boston, the friend of Lowell and Longfellow and Emerson and Whittier. His essays and his novels will be familiar to you some years hence; but now you will enjoy the poems of his which are to be found in this volume.]



I WROTE some lines once on a time
In wondrous merry mood,
And thought, as usual, men would say
They were exceeding good.

They were so queer, so very queer,
I laughed as I would die ;
Albeit, in a general way
A sober man am I.

5 I called my servant, and he came ;
How kind it was of him,
To mind a slender man like me,
He of the mighty limb !

10 “ These to the printer,” I exclaimed,
And, in my humorous way,
I added (as a trifling jest)
“ There’ll be the devil to pay.”

He took the paper, and I watched,
And saw him peep within ;
15 At the first line he read, his face
Was all upon a grin.

He read the next ; the grin grew broad,
And shot from ear to ear ;
He read the third ; a chuckling noise
20 I now began to hear.

The fourth, he burst into a roar ;
The fifth, his waistband split ;
The sixth, he burst five buttons off,
And tumbled in a fit.

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,
I watched that wretched man,
And since, I never dare to write
As funny as I can.

— OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

The printer's office boy used often to be called the printer's **devil**.

Who is speaking here? Put stanzas 2 and 3 in your own words. Give the various stages through which the servant passed, from the first grin to the final fit. How many strong accents in the first line of each stanza? in the third? in the second? in the fourth? Do you know of any other humorous poems written by Holmes? Have you read *Aunt Tabitha*?

Grammar. — You have learned that a modifier of the predicate may be either one word or a group of words. Name all the predicate modifiers in the following sentences. You can find them if you will put **how**, **when**, **where**, or **how much** after each predicate and then answer the questions you have made; thus, (1) trembled how?

1. The Congo chief trembled violently. 2. Mrs. Temple screamed loudly. 3. Sir John Moore died bravely. 4. They started early. 5. We led the chief homeward. 6. He walked there quietly. 7. Columbus sailed westward. 8. Slowly and sadly we laid him down. 9. We buried him darkly at dead of night. 10. His corse to the rampart we hurried. 11. You must work more and talk less.

All single words that modify the predicate in this way are called **adverbs**. All predicate modifiers, whether single words or groups of words, are called **adverbial modifiers**. You will see that adverbs are added to verbs to make the meaning more definite, much as adjectives are added to nouns and pronouns.

Fill each blank with an adverb that will tell how, when, where, or how much: —

1. He traveled **how**? 2. They went home **when**? 3. The curate fell **how**? 4. The negro feared **how much**? 5. The man

lives **where**? 6. I never can go **where**? **when**? 7. I saw him peep **where**?

Supply adverbs for the following verbs: **ran** (how, when, where, how much), **talked**, **slid**, **learned**, **leave**.

What is the use of the adverb?

21

THE OLD MAN DREAMS

OH, for one hour of youthful joy!
Give back my twentieth spring!
I'd rather laugh a bright-haired boy,
Than reign a gray-beard king.

5 Off with the spoils of wrinkled age!
Away with learning's crown!
Tear out life's wisdom-written page,
And dash its trophies down.

10 One moment let my life-blood stream
From boyhood's fount of flame!
Give me one giddy, reeling dream
Of life all love and fame.

15 My listening angel heard the prayer
And, calmly smiling, said,
"If I but touch thy silvered hair,
Thy hasty wish hath sped.

“ But is there nothing in thy track
To bid thee fondly stay,
While the swift seasons hurry back,
To find the wished-for day ? ”

“ Ah, truest soul of womankind ! 5
Without thee what were life !
One bliss I cannot leave behind :
I'll take — my — precious — wife.”

The angel took a sapphire pen
And wrote in rainbow dew, 10
“ The man would be a boy again,
And be a husband too !

“ And is there nothing yet unsaid
Before the change appears ?
Remember, all their gifts have fled 15
With those dissolving years.”

“ Why, yes ; ” for memory would recall
My fond paternal joys ;
“ I could not bear to leave them all —
I'll take — my — girl — and — boys.” 20

The smiling angel dropped his pen —
“ Why, this will never do ;
The man would be a boy again,
And be a father too.”

And so I laughed — my laughter woke
The household with its noise —
And wrote my dream, when morning broke,
To please the gray-haired boys.

— OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

How many accents in the lines of this poem? What lines rhyme? Is it built on the same plan as the preceding?

Give the meaning of this poem, stanza by stanza, in your own words. Throughout the author is continually speaking figuratively, instead of literally, and sometimes you may be puzzled to see just what he means. A little hard thinking will solve the puzzle for you in every case, though you will be helped by knowing that **spoils of age** (stanza 2) means whatever precious things he has won during a long life. **Spoils** means things captured in battle. In stanza 4 **sped** means "has proved successful," as if the wish were an arrow that had flown toward the mark and reached it. The **gray-haired boys** are the companions of his youth, now as old as he.

Composition. — In writing a description you wish to give your reader a clear picture of what you are describing. In order to do this, you must have this clear picture in your own mind; so that the first rule to follow in descriptive writing is to learn all that you can about the thing you wish to describe. The first and generally the best way to do this is by observing it carefully; if this is impossible, read or inquire about it until you have learned all you possibly can. After you have done this, make up your mind which things will give the best idea of the object to one who has not seen it. Make a good descriptive sentence about each of these. Read them over carefully, and see if you could make them any clearer by contrasting or comparing with something else.

Read the following descriptions of persons. Do they make you see the person described? Has the author made use of comparisons? of figurative language? Which description seems to you the best?

The two Rugby boys, page 82; the little cottage girl, page 86; Ernest, page 33; Mr. Gathergold, page 10; the squire, page 45.

Notice that a good description is one that describes especially the features that make that person or thing different from others. Note the description of the squire's eyebrows (page 45).

Write a letter to a friend who lives at a distance, describing some one you actually know and admire. Before writing, ask yourself these questions: What things make this person I am going to describe different from other people? How many things shall I describe? Can I make my picture any clearer by using contrast or comparison?

22

OUR FRONTIER MARKSMEN

[Audubon was a Swiss who traveled widely in America after the Revolution, at a time when the country west of the Alleghanies was scarcely settled at all, studying the birds, of which he made the most accurate and beautiful paintings that had ever been produced. The latter part of his life was spent on the shores of the Hudson, at a spot now known as Audubon Park, in the upper part of New York City. His great love for birds, his wonderful sketches of them, and the intimate knowledge of them which he acquired through long years of study in the forests and fields, have associated his name forever with the birds of North America. Daniel Boone was a famous Kentucky hunter in the days when that state was still a wilderness.]

BARKING off squirrels is delightful sport, and in my opinion requires a greater degree of accuracy than any other. I first witnessed this manner of procuring squirrels while near the town of Frankfort. The performer

was the celebrated Daniel Boone. We walked out together, and followed the rocky margins of the Kentucky River, until we reached a piece of flat land thickly covered with black walnuts, oaks, and hickories. As the
5 nuts were plentiful that year, squirrels were seen gamboling on every tree around us. My companion, a stout, hale, and athletic man, dressed in a homespun hunting-shirt, bare-legged and moccasined, carried a long and heavy rifle, which, as he was loading it, he said had
10 proved faithful in all his former undertakings, and which he hoped would not fail on this occasion, for he felt proud to show me his skill. The gun was wiped, the powder measured, and the charge sent home with a hickory rod. We moved not a step from the place, for the squirrels were
15 so numerous that it was unnecessary to go after them. Boone pointed to one of these animals which had observed us, and was crouched on a branch about fifty paces distant, and bade me mark well the spot where the ball should hit. He raised his piece gradually, until the *bead*
20 (that being the name given by the Kentuckian to the *sight*) of the barrel was brought to a line with the spot which he intended to hit. The whiplike report resounded through the woods and along the hills in repeated echoes. Judge of my surprise, when I perceived
25 that the ball had hit the piece of the bark immediately beneath the squirrel, and shattered it into splinters, the concussion produced by which had killed the animal, and

sent it whirling through the air, as if it had been blown up by the explosion of a powder magazine. Boone kept up his firing, and before many minutes had elapsed, we had procured as many squirrels as we wished; for you must know that to load a rifle requires only a moment, and that if it is wiped once after each shot, it will do duty for hours. Since that first interview with our veteran Boone, I have seen many other individuals perform the same feat.

The snuffing of a candle with a ball, I first had an opportunity of seeing near the banks of Green River, not far from a large pigeon roost, to which I had previously made a visit. I heard many reports of guns during the early part of a dark night, and knowing them to be those of rifles, I went toward the spot to ascertain the cause. On reaching the place, I was welcomed by a dozen tall, stout men, who told me they were practicing, for the purpose of enabling them to shoot by night at the reflected eyes of a deer or wolf, by torchlight. A fire was blazing near, the smoke of which rose curling among the thick foliage of the trees. At a distance which rendered it scarcely distinguishable stood a burning candle, as if intended for an offering to the goddess of night, but which in reality was only fifty yards from the spot on which we all stood. One man was within a few yards of it to watch the effects of the shots, as well as to light the candle should it chance to go out, or to replace it should

the shot cut it across. Each marksman shot in his turn. Some never hit either the snuff or the candle, and were greeted with a loud laugh; while others actually snuffed the candle without putting it out, and were rewarded for
6 their skill by numerous hurrahs. One of them, who was particularly expert, was very fortunate, and snuffed the candle three times out of seven, while all the other shots either put out the candle, or cut it immediately under the light.

— JOHN JAMES AUDUBON: *The Birds of America*.

gamboling, playing; **concussion**, violent shock; **magazine**, storehouse; **distinguishable**, clearly to be seen; **expert**, skillful.

Read the introduction. Who was Audubon? Who was Boone? What sport is described here? Describe the place selected for the shooting. Describe Daniel Boone. What preparation did he make before shooting? What word describes the sound of the gun? Describe the killing of the squirrel. Do you see why the sport was called "barking off" squirrels? Describe the sport called "snuffing of a candle."

Spelling. — Concussion, magazine, distinguishable, expert.

Word Study. — What is meant by **resounded**? What is the principal part of the word? What is the meaning of **re**? Give its meaning in **return**, **repay**, **regain**. Do you remember the meaning of the word **report**? Do you see how it expresses the **carrying** back of the sound?

The word **reflected** (page 123) is an interesting one. The stem **flect** or **flex** means "bent." What, then, is the actual meaning of the word **reflected**? Trace the meaning of the stem in **flexible**, **reflector**.

Use the prefix **re** before each of the following: **claim**, **cover**, **laid**,

pass, state, plant, present, print. Explain the meaning of the words you have formed.

Composition. — A careful study of adjectives will help you in descriptive writing. In your study of *The Great Stone Face* you noticed how many descriptive words Hawthorne used. Make a list of adjectives that would be suitable to use in describing, (1) a person's figure; (2) his walk; (3) his eyes; (4) his expression; (5) his manner; (6) his temper; (7) his character. Consult your reader if you wish.

Write a description of some classmate, not mentioning his name. When the papers are read aloud, the pupils are to guess for whom the description is intended. Be ready, after this, to express an opinion as to which description is the best, and **why**. How many adjectives did you use in your description? Some other day you might write descriptions of historical characters about whom you have studied, or about characters in stories that you have read, omitting, as in the description of your classmate, to mention the name of the person described, and guessing who is intended in each description.

23

THE FLOWER OF LIBERTY

WHAT flower is this that greets the morn,
Its hues from heaven so freshly born?
With burning star and flaming band
It kindles all the sunset land:
O, tell us what its name may be!
Is this the Flower of Liberty?
It is the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

In savage Nature's fair abode
Its tender seed our fathers sowed ;
The storm winds rocked its swelling bud,
Its opening leaves were streaked with blood, —
5 Till, lo ! earth's tyrants shook to see
The full-blown Flower of Liberty !

Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty !

Behold its streaming rays unite,
10 One mingling flood of braided light, —
The red that fires the Southern rose,
With spotless white from Northern snows,
And, spangled o'er its azure, see
The sister Stars of Liberty !

15 Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty !

The blades of heroes fence it round ;
Where'er it springs is holy ground ;
From tower and dome its glories spread ;
20 It waves where lonely sentries tread ;
It makes the land as ocean free,
And plants an empire on the sea !

Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty !

25 Thy sacred leaves, fair Freedom's flower,
Shall ever float on dome and tower,

To all their heavenly colors true,
In blackening frost or crimson dew ;
And God love us as we love thee,
Thrice holy Flower of Liberty !

Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty !

— OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Stanza 1. — What is meant by the **Flower of Liberty**? **Freshly** here means **newly**. How old is our flag? Meaning of **kindles**? Why the **sunset land**? Stanza 2. — Where was the seed of “the flower of liberty” sowed by our fathers? Put this question in literal form and answer it. What is meant by the storm winds? What caused its opening leaves to be streaked with blood? Stanza 3. — This gives a description of the flag. What does the uniting of the rays suggest? What is meant by **fires**? by **azure**? Notice that everything in this stanza emphasizes the thought of union. Stanza 4. — Explain verse 1. Mention some of the places where it floats. Explain stanza 5.

How many accented syllables do you find in each verse? How are the verses rhymed? How many verses in each stanza form a refrain, something like the chorus in a song?

Word Study. — Analyze **spotless**, **heavenly**, explaining the suffixes.

Grammar. — You learned that there are adverbs which answer the question “how much,” as, “You must work more.” Adverbs of this kind are very seldom added to the verb, but generally modify the meaning of an adjective, as in the following: —

None ever heard of creature **more** tractable. Her face was **very** fair. The earthquake day was **extremely** hot. It was a **most** wonderful spectacle. We heard a **still more** ominous sound.

In this last sentence, **ominous** modifies the noun **sound**, so it is an adjective. **More** modifies **ominous**, and as you have just learned, it is therefore an adverb. **Still** modifies **more**, and is also an adverb.

What three parts of speech may be modified by an adverb? For what, then, is an adverb used?

(1) He spoke very kindly. (2) He would go also. (3) He walked out. (4) He wore a very heavy coat. (5) It stormed too violently.

Name all the adverbs in the foregoing sentences. Tell in each case whether the adverb modifies a verb, an adjective, or another adverb. See if you can find in your reading lesson to-day **five** adverbs.

Make three sentences, one containing an adverb modifying a verb, one an adverb modifying an adjective, and one in which the adverb modifies another adverb. **Too, very, much, quite, almost, nearly, so, more,** are often used to modify adjectives or other adverbs.

You will see **why** adverbs are used in three ways; because **verbs, adverbs,** and **adjectives** all need the same kind of modification; that is, words that limit or modify by showing how, when, where, how much, etc.

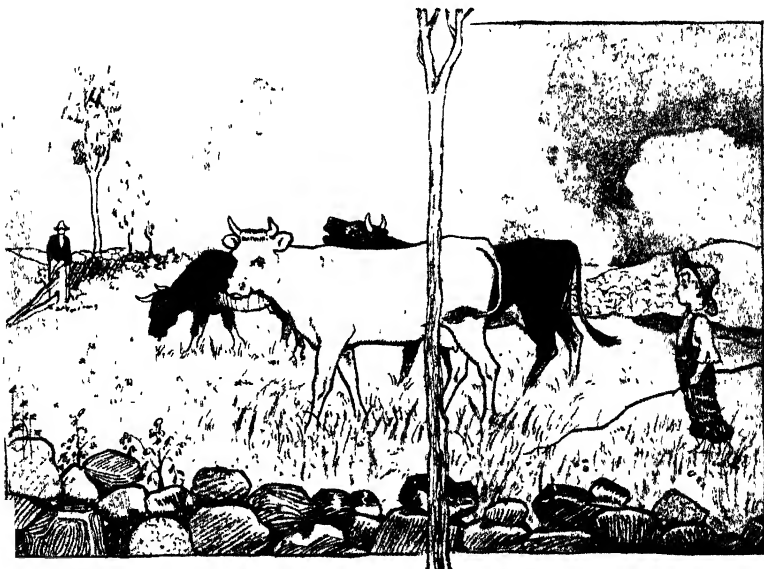
24

LITTLE BROWN HANDS

THEY drive home the cows from the pasture,
Up through the long shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat fields,
That are yellow with ripening grain.
They find, in the thick waving grasses,
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows,
They gather the earliest snowdrops,
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the new hay in the meadow ;
They gather the elder-bloom white ;
They find where the dusky grapes purple
In the soft-tinted October light.
They know where the apples hang ripest,
And are sweeter than Italy's wines ;
They know where the fruit hangs the thickest
On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

5



They gather the delicate seaweeds,
And build tiny castles of sand ;
They pick up the beautiful seashells, —
Fairy barks that have drifted to land.

10

They wave from the tall, rocking treetops
Where the Oriole's hammock-nest swings;
And at night-time are folded in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.

- 5 Those who toil bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor become great;
And so from these brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.
The pen of the author and statesman, —
10 The noble and wise of the land, —
The sword, and the chisel, and palette,
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

— M. H. KROUT.

chisel, tool used by sculptors in carving; **palette**, tablet on which artists lay their colors.

Can you mention any brown-handed children who have become rulers? authors? soldiers? painters? sculptors? If you were going to paint a picture from this poem, which lines would you select?

Synonyms. — Arrange the following synonyms in pairs. If there is any difference in meaning, state what it is.

Scarlet, earliest, rocks, crimson, first, floated, tinted, dusky, dark, swings, pasture, collect, drifted, colored, gather, meadow.

Composition. — In making sentences and paragraphs you found it very necessary to know what to put in and what to leave out. It is just as important for you to know this in writing a whole composition.

Suppose your title is, *Lincoln the Liberator of the Slave*. You must not fill your composition with a great number of facts which

you may know about Lincoln, but which have nothing to do with the slavery question. If your title is, *Lincoln the Railsplitter*, you must confine yourself to telling about that one period of his life. It is generally better to take one side of a big subject. You would probably write a better composition on either of the above topics than on *Abraham Lincoln*.

Select some great man who was one of the "brown-handed children" referred to in *Little Brown Hands*. Take some one period in his life that may seem interesting to you. Select your material very carefully, rejecting anything, no matter how interesting, that does not relate to the subject. Prepare an outline of four or five topics. Write your composition. Before handing it in, ask yourself these questions: (1) Have I told any facts not relating to the subject of my composition? (2) Do my paragraphs follow one another in proper order? (3) Have I placed my composition correctly on my paper?

25

THE FOREST PRIMEVAL

THIS is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and
the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in
the twilight,
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their
bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring
ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of
the forest.

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW: *Evangeline*.

primeval forests, those in which the first growth of trees has never been cut down; **Druids**, priests of the early Britons; **eld**, old, an old-fashioned form of the word; **hoar**, white with age; **disconsolate**, unhappy, not to be comforted.

To what is the long moss compared? Why is it twilight in the "forest primeval"? What are these ancient trees said to be like? Near what is this forest located? Read the last two verses aloud several times. Does the sound of the words make you think of the sound that they describe? Is nature here full of gladness? Commit these lines to memory.

How many accented syllables in each verse? Have you met with any verse of this kind before? The stories from the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* which you read last year were originally written in this kind of verse. Look at the last word in each verse. Do you miss something that you generally find in poetry? Do you think, as you read it aloud, that this verse is musical?

Spelling. — Disconsolate, hoar, primeval, indistinct, hemlocks.

Word Study. — Analyze indistinct, harper, disconsolate, explaining the prefixes and suffixes. The word **primeval** is formed from **primus**, which means "first" or "original." Trace the meaning in **primer**, **prime**, **primary**, **primitive**.

26

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

UNDER the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun.
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither !
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

5

— WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *As You Like It*.

This is another poem of the woods. What are the sports of the greenwood? What are the only enemies in the forest? Give the meaning of the second stanza in your own words. Does this poem make you feel at all as the preceding one did? Point out the difference. Which poem could you sing?

Grammar.—You may have noticed a resemblance between adverbs and adjectives. **Kind**, an adjective, describes an action; **kindly**, an adverb, tells how the action is performed. A great many adjectives can be changed into adverbs by adding **ly**. Change the following adjectives to adverbs in this way: **bad, faint, sweet, extreme, beautiful, wrong, swift, rapid, angry**.

The fact that an adjective sometimes comes directly after a verb leads to a very common error, that of using adverbs for adjectives. The way to avoid this error is to stop and think whether you wish to tell how some action is performed, or simply to describe an appearance or condition. The verbs **feel, taste, smell, look, appear** are those most likely to be followed by adjectives. In **Roses smell sweet**, the adjective describes a quality of the roses. **Roses smell sweetly** would be nonsense, since roses have no sense of smell. **The bird sang sweetly** is correct, since it tells how the bird sang.

Fill the blanks with adjectives or adverbs and explain your choice:—

Oranges taste — (sweet or sweetly). I feel — (bad or badly).¹
You look — (ill or illy). Violets smell — (sweet or sweetly).
The stars appeared — (bright or brightly). He acts — (kind or kindly). The woman looked — at the child (kind or kindly). He felt very — in that strange place (uncomfortable or uncomfortably).

27

THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE TREE

COME, let us plant the apple tree !
Cleave the tough greensward with the spade ;
Wide let its hollow bed be made ;
There gently lay the roots, and there
5 Sift the dark mold with kindly care,
And press it o'er them tenderly,
As round the sleeping infant's feet
We softly fold the cradle sheet ;
So plant we the apple tree.
10 What plant we in this apple tree ?
Buds, which the breath of summer days
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays ;
Boughs, where the thrush with crimson breast
Shall haunt and sing and hide her nest.
15 We plant upon the sunny lea
A shadow for the noontide hour,
A shelter from the summer shower,
When we plant the apple tree.

¹ It has become common, however, to say, "I feel badly," or "he looks badly," perhaps because "bad" might mean "wicked" instead of "ill."

What plant we in this apple tree ?
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs
To load the May wind's restless wings,
When from the orchard row he pours
Its fragrance through our open doors.

5

A world of blossoms for the bee,
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom
We plant with the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree ?
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
And redden in the August noon,
And drop when gentle airs come by
That fan the blue September sky,

10

While children come, with cries of glee,
And seek them where the fragrant grass
Betrays their bed to those who pass,
At the foot of the apple tree.

15

And when above this apple tree
The winter stars are quivering bright,
And winds go howling through the night,
Girls whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth
Shall peel its fruit by cottage hearth ;

20

And guests in prouder homes shall see,
Heaped with the grape of Cintra's vine
And golden orange of the line,
The fruit of the apple tree.

25

The fruitage of this apple tree
Winds and our flag of stripe and star
Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,
Where men shall wonder at the view
5 And ask in what fair groves they grew ;
And sojourners beyond the sea
Shall think of childhood's careless day
And long, long hours of summer play
In the shade of the apple tree.
10 And time shall waste this apple tree.
Oh ! when its aged branches throw
Their shadows on the world below,
Shall fraud and force and iron will
Oppress the weak and helpless still ?
15 What shall the task of mercy be
Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears,
Of those who live when length of years
Is wasting this apple tree ?
" Who planted this old apple tree ? "
20 The children of that distant day
Thus to some aged man shall say ;
And, gazing on its mossy stem,
The gray-haired man shall answer them :
" A poet of the land was he,
25 Born in the rude but good old times ;
'Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes
On planting the apple tree."

- WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

greensward, turf grown with grass; **haunt**, to visit often; **lea**, grassy field or plain; **Cintra**, in Portugal; **line**, equator; **sojourners**, those who stay only a little while.

What other poem by Bryant have you read? Stanza 1. Describe the planting of the tree. What comparison is made in the last verses of stanza 1? Stanza 2. What are some of the things planted in the apple tree? Stanza 3. What figure in verses 2 and 5? Notice the progress of the seasons. Stanza 5. How does the apple contribute to the enjoyment of the winter? Point out a use of figurative language in this stanza. Stanza 6. Notice that the enjoyment from the apple tree not only extends over all seasons, but to far distant countries. Stanza 7. What serious thought comes to the poet here? Stanza 8. Who is meant by "the poet of the land"?

How many accents in each verse here? How many verses go to make each stanza? Do you notice anything unusual about the rhymes?

Spelling. — Greensward, haunt, lea.

Word Study. — Analyze restless, careless.

28

A NARROW ESCAPE

[The scene of this tale is the forests of Germany, four hundred years ago. Gerard, a Dutch lad, is on his way to Italy, and has fallen in with Denys, a soldier. As they journey together, it chances that one morning they shoot a bear cub with a crossbow, and then proceed along the path, Gerard carrying the crossbow, and Denys the dead cub.]

GERARD'S ear was attracted by a sound behind them. It was a peculiar sound, too, like something heavy, but not hard, rushing softly over the dead leaves. He turned

round with some little curiosity. A colossal creature was coming down the road at about sixty paces' distance.

He looked at it in a sort of calm stupor at first ; but the next moment he turned ashy pale.

5 "Denys!" he cried. "O God! Denys!"

Denys whirled round.

It was a bear as big as a cart horse.

It was tearing along with its huge head down, running on a hot scent.

10 The very moment he saw it, Denys said in a sickening whisper:—

"*The cub!*"

Oh! the concentrated horror of that one word, whispered hoarsely, with dilating eyes! For in that syllable it
15 all flashed upon them both like a sudden stroke of lightning in the dark—the bloody trail, the murdered cub, the mother upon them, *and it. Death.*

All this in a moment of time. The next, she saw them.

Huge as she was, she seemed to double herself (it was her
20 long hair bristling with rage); she raised her head, big as a bull's, her swine-shaped jaws opened wide at them, her eyes turned to blood and flame, and she rushed upon them, scattering the leaves about her like a whirlwind as she came.

25 "Shoot!" screamed Denys; but Gerard stood shaking from head to foot useless.

"Shoot, man! shoot! Too late! Tree! tree!" and

he dropped the cub, pushed Gerard across the road, and flew to the first tree and climbed it, Gerard the same on his side; and, as they fled, both men uttered inhuman howls like savage creatures grazed by death.

With all their speed one or the other would have 5 been torn to fragments at the foot of his tree; but the bear stopped a moment at the cub.

Without taking her bloodshot eyes off those she was hunting, she smelt it all around, and found, — how, her Creator only knows, — that it was dead, quite dead. She 10 gave a yell such as neither of the hunted ones had ever heard, nor dreamed to be in nature; and flew after Denys. She reared and struck at him as he climbed. He was just out of reach.

Instantly she seized the tree, and with her huge teeth 15 tore a great piece out of it with a crash. Then she reared again, dug her claws deep into the bark, and began to mount it slowly, but as surely as a monkey.

Denys's evil star had led him to a dead tree, a mere shaft, and of no very great height. He climbed faster than 20 his pursuer, and was soon at the top. He looked this way and that for some bough of another tree to spring to. There was none; and if he jumped down, he knew the bear would be upon him ere he could recover from the fall, and make short work of him. Moreover, Denys was little 25 used to turning his back on danger, and his blood was rising at being hunted. He turned to bay.



A NARROW ESCAPE
140

"My hour is come," thought he. "Let me meet death like a man." He kneeled down and grasped a small shoot to steady himself, drew his long knife, and, clenching his teeth, prepared to jab the huge brute as soon as it should mount within reach.

5

Of this combat the result was not doubtful.

The monster's head and neck were scarce vulnerable for bone and masses of hair. The man was going to sting the bear, and the bear to crack the man like a nut.

Gerard's heart was better than his nerves. He saw 10 his friend's mortal danger, and passed at once from fear to blind rage. He slipped down his tree in a moment, caught up the crossbow, which he had dropped in the road, and, running furiously up, sent a bolt into the bear's body with a loud shout. The bear gave a snarl of rage 15 and pain, and turned its head irresolutely.

"Keep aloof!" cried Denys, "or you are a dead man."

"I care not;" and in a moment he had another bolt ready and shot it fiercely into the bear, screaming, "Take 20 that! take that!"

"Get away, idiot!" Denys screamed down at him.

He was right; the bear, finding so formidable and noisy a foe behind him, slipped growling down the tree, rending deep furrows in it as she slipped. Gerard ran 25 back to his tree and climbed it swiftly. But while his legs were dangling some eight feet from the ground, the

bear came rearing and struck with her forepaw, and out flew a piece of bloody cloth from Gerard's hose. He climbed and climbed, and presently he heard as it were in the air a voice say, "Go out on the bough!" He looked, 5 and there was a long, massive branch before him shooting upward at a slight angle; he threw his body across it, and by a series of convulsive efforts worked up it to the end.

Then he looked round panting.

10 The bear was mounting the tree on the other side. He heard her claws scrape, and saw her bulge on both sides of the massive tree. Her eye not being very quick, she reached the fork and passed it, mounting the main stem. Gerard drew breath more freely. The bear either 15 heard him, or found by scent she was wrong; she paused; presently she caught sight of him. She eyed him steadily, then quietly descended to the fork.

Slowly and cautiously she stretched out a paw and tried the bough. It was a stiff oak branch, sound as iron. 20 Instinct taught the creature this; it crawled carefully out on the bough, growling savagely as it came.

Gerard looked wildly down. He was forty feet from the ground. Death below. Death moving slow but sure on him in a still more horrible form. His hair bristled. 25 The sweat poured from him. He sat helpless, fascinated, tongue-tied.

The bear crawled on. And now the stupor of death

fell on the doomed man; he saw the open jaws and blood-shot eyes coming, but in a mist.

As in a mist he heard a twang; he glanced down; Denys, white and silent as death, was shooting up at the bear. The bear snarled at the twang; but crawled on. 5 Again the crossbow twanged; and the bear snarled and came nearer. Again the crossbow twanged; and the next moment the bear was close upon Gerard, where he sat, with hair standing stiff on end, and eyes starting from their sockets, palsied. The bear opened her jaws 10 like a grave; and hot blood spouted from them upon Gerard as from a pump. The bough rocked. The wounded monster was reeling; it clung, it stuck its sickles of claws deep into the wood; it toppled, its claws held firm, but its body rolled off, and the sudden shock to 15 the branch shook Gerard forward on his stomach with his face upon one of the bear's straining paws. At this, by a convulsive effort, she raised her head up, up, till he felt her hot breath. Then the huge teeth snapped together loudly close below him in the air, with a last effort of baffled hate. 20 The ponderous carcass rent the claws out of the bough; then pounded the earth with a tremendous thump.

— CHARLES READE: *The Cloister and the Hearth*.

colossal, very large, immense. This word was formed from the word **Colossus**, the name of a gigantic statue, one hundred feet high. It was one of the seven wonders of the world, and was located at Rhodes; **concentrated**, made intense, including much; **vulnerable**, that may be wounded; **irresolutely**, in a hesitating manner; **aloof**, at a distance.

Notice how quickly the story is told. In an exciting tale of this kind you would not want to stop for any long descriptions; yet there are some excellent short descriptions, which are needed to show you the horrible peril of the two men and their terrible fright. Select any descriptions that seem to you to be good.

Tell the story, using the following outline: —

1. The walk through the woods. 2. The coming of the mother bear. 3. Denys's peril; how he is saved. 4. Gerard's peril; how he is saved.

Which of these two men seems to you the braver?

Spelling. — Colossal, aloof, vulnerable, concentrated, irresolutely.

Word Study. — Analyze *inhuman*, *pursuer*, *blindest*.

Composition. — You have learned that direct quotation gives a narrative more life. You will see this in *A Narrow Escape*. Which of the following is the more effective?

1. "Shoot!" screamed Denys; but Gerard stood shaking from head to foot, useless.

2. Denys screamed to Gerard, telling him to shoot, but Gerard stood shaking from head to foot, useless.

Write from memory one incident from the story, — for instance, *How Gerard saved his Friend*, or *The Bear's Pursuit of Gerard*. Use direct quotations.

29

THE ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S NEST

LITTLE Ellie sits alone
'Mid the beeches of a meadow,
By a streamside on the grass;
And the trees are showering down
Doubles of their leaves in shadow
On her shining hair and face.

She has thrown her bonnet by ;
And her feet she has been dipping
In the shallow water's flow ;
Now she holds them nakedly
In her hands, all sleek and dripping, 5
While she rocketh to and fro.

Little Ellie sits alone,
And the smile she softly useth
Fills the silence like a speech ;
While she thinks what shall be done, 10
And the sweetest pleasure chooseth
For her future, within reach.

Little Ellie in her smile
Chooseth, " I will have a lover,
Riding on a steed of steeds : 15
He shall love me without guile ;
And to *him* I will discover
The swan's nest among the reeds.

" And the steed shall be red roan,
And the lover shall be noble, 20
With an eye that takes the breath,
And the lute he plays upon
Shall strike ladies into trouble,
As his sword strikes men to death.

“And the steed it shall be shod
All in silver, housed in azure,
And the mane shall swim the wind;
And the hoofs along the sod
5 Shall flash onward and keep measure,
Till the shepherds look behind.

“He will kiss me on the mouth
Then, and lead me as a lover,
Through the crowds that praise his deeds;
10 And, when soul-tied by one troth,
Unto *him* I will discover
That swan’s nest among the reeds.”

Little Ellie, with her smile
Not yet ended, rose up gayly,
15 Tied the bonnet, donned the shoe,
And went homeward round a mile,
Just to see, as she did daily,
What more eggs were with the two.

Pushing through the elm-tree copse,
20 Winding by the stream, light-hearted,
Where the osier pathway leads,
Past the boughs, she stoops and — stops:
Lo! the wild swan had deserted,
And a rat had gnawed the reeds.

Ellie went home sad and slow.
If she found the lover ever,
With his red-roan steed of steeds,
Sooth I know not! but I know
She could never show him — never,
That swan's nest among the reeds.

5

— ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

housed, having an ornamental saddle-cloth; **guile**, deceit; **donned**, put on; **copse**, wood of small trees; **osier**, willow; **sooth**, truth.

A **romance** means an imaginative story. Stanzas 1-3. What pretty picture do you get here? How does Ellie show that her day-dream is pleasant? Stanzas 4-7. What does Ellie choose in her day-dream? Does she say it aloud? Describe her noble lover. What pleasant surprise will she keep for him? What does she mean by **a steed of steeds**? Note the use of the word **discover**. What do you generally mean by it? What does it mean here? Stanzas 8-10. Her dream is over. Describe her journey home. What disappointment awaits her? What do you notice about the rhymes in this poem? How many accents in each verse?

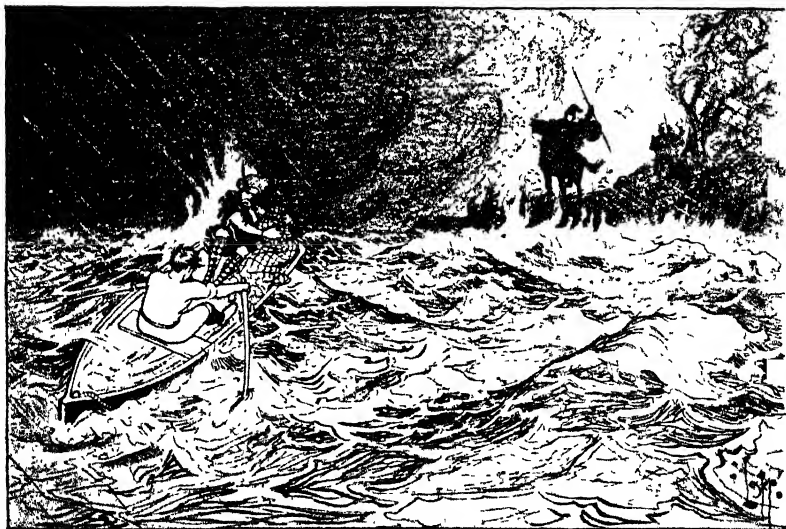
Spelling. — Copse, sleek, guile, osier, deserted.

Word Study. — What words could you use in place of **homeward**? (p. 146.) Explain the suffix **ward** in **forward**, **backward**, **windward**. Give other words with this suffix. Explain the suffix **est** in **sweetest**. Add the suffix to **bright**, **kind**, **clear**, **blue**, **gray**, **slow**, **quick**, **gentle**, **fond**. Notice that when a word ends in **e**, the final **e** is dropped before adding the suffix **est**.

30

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry."



"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"Oh, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

“And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together;
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

“His horsemen hard behind us ride:
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?”

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight:

“I'll go, my chief: I'm ready. 10
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady;

“And, by my word, the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So, though the waves are raging white, 15
I'll row you o'er the ferry.”

By this the storm grew loud apace;
The water wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking. 20

But still, as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armèd men;
Their trampling sounded nearer.

“Oh, haste thee, haste,” the lady cries,
“Though tempests round us gather;
I’ll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father.”

5 The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,
When, oh, too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o’er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
10 Of waters fast prevailing.
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore:
His wrath was changed to wailing;

For, sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover:
15 One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

“Come back! come back!” he cried in grief,
“Across this stormy water;
And I’ll forgive your Highland chief,
20 My daughter! oh, my daughter!”

’Twas vain. The loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing:
The waters wild went o’er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

—THOMAS CAMPBELL.

wight, person, man; **winsome**, lovely, lovable; **wraith**, spirit, ghost.

Read through the entire poem, trying to get the story. What is the scene of this story? In which stanza do you find it described? Do you find any long description at the beginning, or does the story open at once? Compare this with *The Romance of the Swan's Nest*. Notice the number of stanzas taken there to give the scene. Which of these poems has the more life, movement, or action? In which lines of *Lord Ullin's Daughter* do we get the first idea of hurried movement? How many characters in this poem? Name them. Tell the story. What pictures might an artist paint to illustrate this poem?

Quote lines that express the following thoughts indirectly:—

If her father overtakes us he will kill me.

The storm made it so dark that they were hardly able to see each other's faces.

His child was drowned.

Collect the examples of figurative language, and point out the resemblances in the things compared.

How many verses in each stanza? How many accented syllables in each verse? In stanza 8 the word **armed** is pronounced in two syllables. Why?

Practice reading this poem aloud. Try to speak as the various characters would speak.

Spelling.—Heather, winsome, lamenting, sorrowing.

Word Study.—Substitute synonyms for the words in boldfaced type. Notice whether the meaning remains exactly the same.

1. The chieftain cried, "Boatman, do not **tarry**!"
2. Then who will **cheer** my **bonny** bride
When they have **slain** her lover?

Composition.—Suppose the boat in which Lord Ullin's daughter and her Highland chief were crossing Lochgyle was capsized, but neither of the two was drowned. Imagine an ending. Tell how

they were rescued and finally forgiven by Lord Ullin. Give life to your narrative by introducing some direct quotations. Plan your story before you begin, deciding how many paragraphs you will use and what is to be included in each.

Grammar. — Combine, making a compound subject: —

The Highland chief wished to cross Lochgyle. Lord Ullin's daughter wished to cross Lochgyle.

Combine, making compound predicates: —

Lord Ullin stood on the shore. Lord Ullin called to his daughter.

He shrank from the thorns. He longed for the fruit.

He arrested his courser's keen speed. He stood up erect on the back of his steed.

Combine these two sentences by using a connecting word: —

Boatman, do not tarry! I'll give thee a silver pound to row us o'er the ferry.

In the following sentences find the connecting words: —

We must cross Lochgyle, though it is a dark and stormy night.

We must cross Lochgyle, for Lord Ullin is close behind us.

We must cross Lochgyle, because Lord Ullin would kill me if he should overtake us.

He is close behind; therefore we must not tarry.

He is a man of great strength and of wonderful bravery.

Words which connect words, sentences, or parts of sentences in this way are called **conjunctions**.

31

RIP VAN WINKLE

[One of the first American writers was Washington Irving, and there is no one in whose works young people will find more entertaining reading. This was one of his earliest stories, and it has become so famous that everybody knows about Rip Van Winkle.

This is partly due to the fact that a remarkable actor, Joseph Jefferson, played the part of Rip for many years in an interesting play, based on this story, which has been seen by hundreds of thousands of people now living, old and young.]

WHOEVER has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Catskill Mountains. They are a branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lord-
ing it over the surrounding country. Every change of 5
season, every change of weather, indeed, every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the goodwives, far and near, as perfect barometers.

At the foot of these fairy mountains the traveler¹⁰ may have seen the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village, of great age, having been founded by some of the Dutch¹⁵ colonists in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant (may he rest in peace!), and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland,²⁰ having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses,

there lived, many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbor and an obedient, hen-pecked husband.

Certain it is that he was a great favorite among all the goodwives of the village, who took his part in all family squabbles; and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was a strong dislike of all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a lance, and fish all day

without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone fences; the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes, of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off breeches, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

20

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his

idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had 5 but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife; so that he was fain to draw 10 off his forces, and take to the outside of the house — the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and 15 even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods; but what courage can withstand the ever enduring and all- 20 besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broom- 25 stick or ladle he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and

his only alternative, to escape from the labor of the farm and clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face; and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

—WASHINGTON IRVING.

barometer, instrument for foretelling the weather; **henpecked**, ruled by his wife; **adherent**, one devoted or attached to; **precipitation**, haste; **latticed**, with strips or bars crossing or interlacing; **clambering**, climbing over; **reciprocated**, returned.

Perhaps you have read the story of the *Sleeping Beauty*. Stories of a long sleep have been told many times, but never better than in this tale by Irving.

In what place did the events of this story take place? What is a barometer? In what way do the Catskill Mountains act as a barometer? What word is applied to the hues and shapes of the mountains? Notice that they are also called **fairy**. What kind of things might happen among **fairy mountains**? From what point of view is this village described? Can you picture it as you would see it from the Hudson? What was the history of the little village? Describe an old Dutch house. Have you ever seen a latticed window? a gable front? a weathercock? What might you say is the topic of all you have read thus far? In paragraph 3 we get the time (when was it?) and the principal character. Give the

words used by the author to describe Rip Van Winkle. Paragraph 4. How was he regarded by the good wives of the village? Why did the children love him? How did the dogs feel toward him? You have here been shown Rip's character in one way. Now we are to learn about him in another way,—by an account of his actions. Paragraph 5. What is the topic sentence of this paragraph? State it simply. Prove its truth by the facts given in the paragraph. Paragraph 6. Describe young Rip Van Winkle. Meaning of **ado**? Paragraph 7. Describe the quarrels between Rip and Dame Van Winkle. Had she any grounds for her continual fault-finding? What is a **well-oiled** disposition? Is this a good word? Explain the figure. What is meant by a **torrent** of household eloquence? Explain the figure. Find in this paragraph another figure for the scolding of Rip's wife. Paragraph 8. Meaning of **domestic adherent**? Describe poor Wolf's fear of Dame Van Winkle. Do you see any humor in Rip's speech to Wolf?

All of this first part of the story may be called an **introduction**, giving the place and introducing characters. You will see later how this helps us to understand the story.

Spelling. — Antiquity, latticed, gable, surmounted, clambering.

Word Study. — What is the meaning of **colonist**? What is the suffix? Add it to **harp**, **psalm**. What other suffixes have you had with this meaning?

Fill the blanks with single words:—

The one who presides is called a ——. One who studies is called a ——. One who superintends is called a ——.

You have, then, two new suffixes which mean **one who**.

Composition. — In writing a description you wish to show to your reader the thing you are describing **just as you see it**. People often make a mistake here, and describe not what they really see, but what they know is there. Thus, if you are describing a river which you see flowing through a valley many miles in extent, as you stand on a high hill, you must not describe the flowers along

its banks or the gentle lapping of the water on the shore; for those are things you could not possibly see and hear at that long distance. Describing only the things you can actually see from the point at which you view them is called **keeping your point of view**.

Write a letter to a friend, describing something in which you know he will be interested, as your room at home, or your school-room, or the gymnasium, or the new city park, or perhaps a new dress or new ornament you may have. Select something that you can see as you write, and **describe only what you actually see**. Remember also to practice what you have previously learned about writing descriptions: (1) to try to make your picture clear, if necessary using comparisons, contrasts, or figurative language; (2) to notice especially the things that make the object or scene you are describing different from others. Have you used any of the descriptive adjectives that you have learned this year?

32

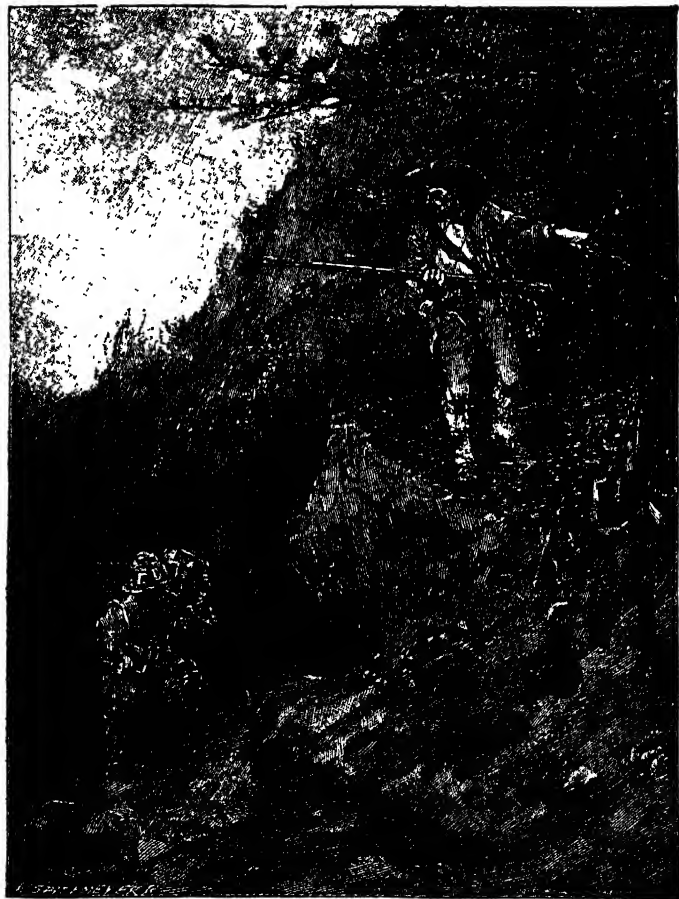
RIP VAN WINKLE (*Continued*)

IN a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Catskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel-shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and reëchoed with the reports of his gun. 5 Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance 10 the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its

silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

5 On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild and lonely, the bottom filled with fragments from the overhanging cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually
10 advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

15 As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to
20 descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" — at the same time Wolf bristled up his back and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the
25 same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of



THE MEETING IN THE MOUNTAINS

something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place; but supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

5 On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair, and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion, — a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist, and
10 several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new
15 acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity, and relieving one another, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent.

As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long, rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue
20 out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thundershowers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through
25 the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheater, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which trees shot their branches, so that you only

caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for though the former marveled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something ⁵ strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheater new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the center was a company of odd-looking personages playing at ninepins. ¹⁰ They were dressed in a quaint, outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, ¹⁵ were peculiar: one had a large beard, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old ²⁰ gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting, in the parlor of ²⁵ Dominie Van Shaick, the village parson, which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was that, though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of 5 pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, *whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.*

As Rip and his companion approached them, they 10 suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed, statuelike gaze, and such strange, uncouth countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to 15 him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste 20 the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another; and he repeated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes 25 swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

apprehension, alarm, anxiety; **jerkin**, short jacket; **alacrity**, promptness; **transient**, passing; **amphitheater**, a space like a half circle; **quaffed**, drank.

Where do we find Rip in this first paragraph? We have here one of the most beautiful bits of description in the whole story. Try to picture the scene. What beautiful colors do you see in the landscape? What word describes the Hudson River? Is it appropriate? Would you use it in describing a little brook? What other word of similar meaning describes the course of the river? Paragraph 2. How would you feel in the presence of such a landscape? What words used by Irving give you this feeling? Compare it with the peaceful scene in paragraph 1. Does this lonely scene prepare you for the strange story? Paragraph 3. In this the happenings of the story begin. What is the first unusual thing to happen? Imagine your name called by some one unseen on a lonely mountain at close of day. How would you feel? Notice the effect on Wolf. Does not this add to the feeling of strangeness? What now appears? Paragraph 4. Describe the appearance of the stranger. Describe the climb with the keg of liquor. Paragraph 5-6. What is an amphitheater? Picture the scene. Describe these strange creatures. Can you form an idea of who they were? Paragraph 7. Meaning of **uncouth**. Rip was frightened. Quote lines that tell us this indirectly. Which is the more forcible way to put it?

We have now reached a most important point in the story. What is it? Describe the falling asleep. What figurative use of language here? Does it express well the feeling in one's eyes when overpowered with drowsiness?

Spelling. — Vague, apprehension, outlandish, uncouth, flagons, melancholy.

Word Study. — Name the stem of each of the following words: *dislike, distaste, disagreeable, displease, displace, disjoint*. In what way is the meaning of each stem changed by the use of the prefix **dis**? What then is the meaning of this prefix?

Nonsense, non-attention, non-resident, non-arrival. — What is the meaning of the prefix *non*?

Involuntary, incorrect, incapable, injudicious, insufficient. — What is the meaning of the prefix *in* as used here? Can you think of words where the prefix *in* has a different meaning? What other prefix have you learned that means *not*?

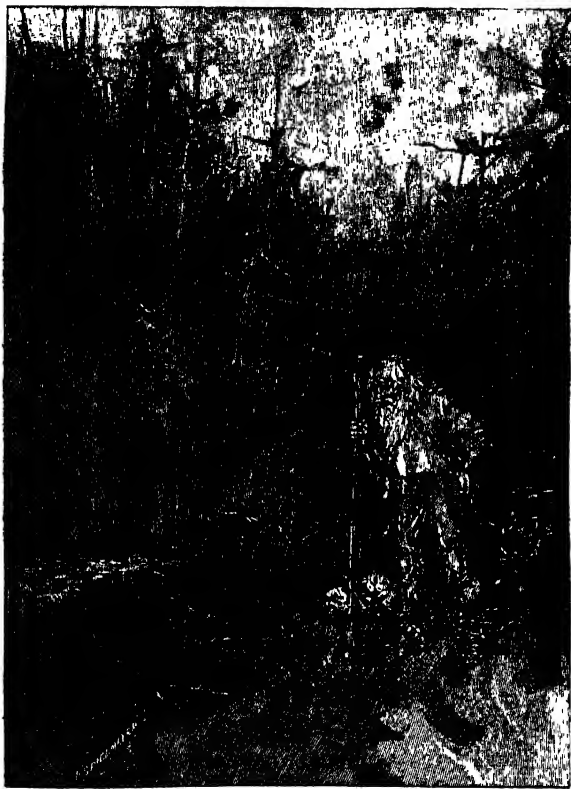
Give as many instances as you can of words with any of these four prefixes that mean *not*.

33

RIP VAN WINKLE (*Continued*)

ON waking he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright, sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. “Surely,” thought Rip, “I have not slept here all night.” He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with a keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the woe-begone party at ninepins—the flagon—“Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!” thought Rip,—“what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?”

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel incrustured with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave revelers of the mountain had put a trick upon him



THE AWAKENING

and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity.

"These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen; he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witchhazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grapevines that twisted their coils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheater; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high, im-

penetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad, deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? the morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward. 15

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long! 20

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A

troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now mis-
10 gave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Catskill Mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale
15 precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed. “That flagon last night,” thought he, “has addled my poor head sadly!”

—WASHINGTON IRVING.

occurrences, happenings; **firelock**, an old-fashioned gun, or flintlock (can you guess how such a gun was discharged?); **bewitched**, charmed as if by witchcraft; **perplexed**, puzzled; **induced**, persuaded; **scramble**, rough or difficult climbing; **impenetrable**, not to be entered or penetrated.

Paragraph 1. Describe the waking. Notice how all the events of the story thus far are reviewed in a few words. What was Rip's worst fear? Paragraph 2. Notice the word **well-oiled**. Do you recall a previous use of the word? How did Rip explain to himself the change in his gun and the absence of Wolf? Meaning of **revelers**? Paragraph 3. How did he account for the stiffness of

his joints? What thing seemed to worry him most? Picture the scene. Read again paragraph 5 in the preceding lesson. What changes had taken place? What figurative language is used to describe a mountain stream? Paragraph 4. Is **feathery** a good name to use in describing the foam of the torrent? Why? Have you ever heard the cawing of crows? Can you imagine why Rip felt that they were mocking him? Paragraph 5. What next change did he notice? How did he discover the change in his own appearance? Paragraph 6. Describe the conduct of the children and the dogs? Why would this seem particularly strange to Rip? What changes did he see in the village? What still remained unaltered? Does he yet realize the lapse of time?

Spelling. — Occurrences, bewitched, perplexed, induced, scramble, precisely.

Word Study. — Here is a group of synonyms. Fill blanks below with the proper words. Use each word but once: —

Large, colossal, mammoth, enormous, prodigious, great, big, huge.

The burly guard was a — man. The statue was of — size. The Great Stone Face is carved from a rock of — size. The largest animal at the cattle fair was a — ox. From his position on the mountain Rip Van Winkle could see for a — distance. "I'm afraid the bundle is too — to go in the boat," said the guard. Gerard and Denys were attacked by a — bear. It was really a most — creature.

RIP VAN WINKLE (*Continued*)

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay — the



THE RETURN

roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed. "My very dog," sighed Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. He called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it too was gone. A large, rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall, naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red nightcap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes; all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly changed. The red coat was changed for one of

blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a scepter, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

6 There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling tone about it, instead of the accustomed drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his
10 broad face, double chin, and long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently
15 about rights of citizens — elections — members of congress — liberty — Bunker's Hill — heroes of seventy-six — and other words, which were a perfect jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard,
20 his rusty fowling piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eying him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside,
25 inquired "On which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in

his ear, "Whether he was Federal or Democrat?" Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, 5 and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded, in an austere tone, "What brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his 10 heels; and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?" — "Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor, quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

— WASHINGTON IRVING.

bustling, moving with noise or confusion; **jargon**, confused speech, not to be understood; **akimbo**, with hands on hips and elbows pointing outward; **austere**, severe, grave, stern; **riot**, disturbance caused by a mob; **vehemently**, with violence.

Paragraphs 1 and 2. Imagine his feelings as he approached the house. Picture the desolation. Paragraph 3. What great historical event had occurred during Rip's absence? Paragraph 4. Imagine his bewilderment now. What is meant by **haranguing vehemently**? by **jargon**? Paragraph 5. Why did Rip not understand the questions put to him? What important day was it? Picture the knowing old gentleman in the cocked hat. What answer did Rip make to the self-important man's question?

Spelling. — Bustling, jargon, akimbo, austere, riot, vehemently.

35

RIP VAN WINKLE (*Concluded*)

HERE a general shout burst from the bystanders — “A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!” It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for, and whom he was seeking! The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

10 “Well — who are they? — name them.”

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, “Where’s Nicholas Vedder?”

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice, “Nicholas Vedder! 15 why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that’s rotten and gone too.”

“Where’s Brom Dutcher?”

“Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the 20 war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point; others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony’s Nose. I don’t know; he never came back again.”

“Where’s Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?”

“He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in congress.”

Rip’s heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand : war — congress — Stony Point — he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, “Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?”

“Oh, Rip Van Winkle!” exclaimed two or three, “oh, to be sure! that’s Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree.”

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name.

“God knows,” exclaimed he, at his wits’ end; “I’m not myself — I’m somebody else — that’s me yonder — no — that’s somebody else got into my shoes — I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they’ve changed my gun, and everything’s changed, and I’m changed, and I can’t tell what’s my name, or who I am!”

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their

foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since, — his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice: —

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a bloodvessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelli-

gence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he—"Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now!—Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

5

All stood amazed until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor. Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks: and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who when the alarm was over had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head—upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

20

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He

recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Catskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. It was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the *Half-moon*; being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name. His father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at ninepins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout, cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but showed an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

— WASHINGTON IRVING.

tory, one who sided with England at the time of the Revolution; **austerity**, sternness; **hereditary**, coming down from an ancestor,

or passing from parent to child; **culprit**, one at fault; **peering**, gazing with an effort to see more clearly; **faltering**, in a hesitating way; **corroborated**, made more sure by additional proof; **vigil**, watch.

What was meant by these cries? How was Rip made aware of the flight of time? What added the final touch to his bewilderment? The mystery is now to be explained. How? What question does Rip reserve until the last? Why? Describe the recognition scene. How did Peter Vanderdonk explain the strange beings and their presence in the Catskills? Explain an **hereditary disposition**. What is the happy ending?

As you were told in the introduction, the part of Rip Van Winkle has been played by a great actor. Give in order the scenes you imagine are in the play. What places has Irving described very beautifully? Shall you not always think of the Catskills as **fairy** mountains? Select the bit of description that seems to you the most beautiful. Do you admire Rip Van Winkle? Do you like him? Why? Do you enjoy Irving's way of telling a story?

Spelling.—Culprit, peering, hereditary, faltering, corroborated, vigil.

Grammar.—The following words may be used as conjunctions: **and, but, for, also, besides, because, therefore, however, as, nor, or, yet.** Add to this list as you find other conjunctions. How many conjunctions do you find in *Lord Ullin's Daughter*? For what is a conjunction used?

Fill the following blanks with conjunctions:—

(1) Rip Van Winkle did not know he had slept so long — his beard was a foot long. (2) The mountains were the same — the village had changed. (3) Dame Van Winkle was dead — Rip could not feel very sad. (4) Wolf fled when Dame Winkle approached — he had found that she always treated him unkindly. (5) Rip and Wolf started off for a tramp — they did not return.

Grammar.—1. Lord Ullin was a brave man. 2. He was a man of bravery. 3. Wolf was a courageous dog. 4. He was a dog of

courage. 5. They followed rapidly. 6. They followed with rapidity. 7. Rip Van Winkle started homeward. 8. He started toward home.

What words in the second sentence give the same idea that is given by the word **brave** in the first? What part of speech is the word **brave**? Why? **Of bravery** is used, then, as what part of speech? What kind of modifier is it?

What word in sentence 3 means the same as **of courage** in sentence 4? In what way are they both used?

In sentence 6 what group of words have the same use as **rapidly** in sentence 5? What part of speech is **rapidly**? Why? What kind of modifier is **with rapidity**?

What word in sentence 7 and what group of words in sentence 8 are both adverbial modifiers? Is there any difference in their meaning?

Kind acts = acts of kindness; **daily** work = work of the day; **country** people = people from the country. Notice that the adjective **kind** has been changed to a **group of words** composed of a noun (**kindness**) and an introducing word (**of**). The adjective **daily** has been changed to a group of words consisting of **day** with its modifier **the** and an introducing word (**of**). Why is **country** an adjective in the expression **country people** and a noun in the group of words **from the country**?

In similar manner explain the changing of the adjectives in boldfaced type: **city** people = people **from the city**; **picture** book = book **with pictures**; **village** smithy = smithy **of the village**.

kindly = with kindness; **truthfully** = with truth; **painfully** = in a **painful manner**; **dully** = with dullness; **jokingly** = in a **joking way**. Explain the changes made here as you did with the adjectives.

He walked **with me**. Did he go **with you**? We have heard **about them**. The men **behind the guns** won the battle **for us**. You **with the tickets** may pass **through the gates**. They **on the upper deck** were saved **with us**.

Notice that in the group of words **with me** the principal word is not a noun. What is it? What is the introducing word? Name the principal word, telling whether it is a noun or a pronoun, and the

introducing word of each of the other groups. If the principal word has a modifier, name it. Thus: **with the tickets**. The principal word is the noun **tickets**, which is modified by the adjective **the** and introduced by **with**.

Groups of words formed in this way of a noun or a pronoun with an introducing word like **of**, **to**, **with**, etc., are called **phrases**. A phrase used as an adjective is called an adjective phrase. A phrase used as an adverb is called an adverbial phrase.

Classify the following phrases according to their use, as adverbial or adjective. Also, separate each phrase into its parts, principal word (noun or pronoun), modifiers of principal word, and introducing word.

A Narrow Escape was written by **Charles Reade**. The nest of **the swan** was seen by **Ellie**. Ichabod Crane was driven away by **the Headless Horseman**. I stood in **the forest primeval**. The little brown hands of **the children** gathered berries for **us**.

36

. THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN

[This is a part of another of Irving's charming stories of old Dutch times. Ichabod was a long, lean, and odd-looking Yankee schoolmaster, who had been courting a pretty Dutch girl in Tarrytown, just above New York on the Hudson, and this is how one of his rivals manages to get rid of him. You will like to read the whole story.]

It was the very witching time of night that Ichabod, heavy-hearted and crestfallen, pursued his travel homewards, along the sides of the lofty hills which rise above Tarrytown, and which he had crossed so cheerily in the afternoon. The hour was as dismal as himself. Far 5



ICHABOD CRANE

below him the Tappan Zee spread its dusky and indistinct waste of waters, with here and there the tall mast of a sloop riding quietly at anchor under the land. In the dead hush of midnight he could even hear the barking of the watchdog from the opposite shore of the Hudson; 5 but it was so vague and faint as only to give an idea of his distance from this faithful companion of man. Now and then, too, the long-drawn crowing of a cock, accidentally awakened, would sound far, far off, from some farmhouse away among the hills—but it was like a 10 dreaming sound in his ear. No signs of life occurred near him, but occasionally the melancholy chirp of a cricket, or perhaps the guttural twang of a bullfrog from a neighboring marsh, as if sleeping uncomfortably, and turning suddenly in his bed. 15

All the stories of ghosts and goblins that he had heard in the afternoon now came crowding upon his recollection. The night grew darker and darker; the stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from his sight. He had never felt so lonely 20 and dismal. He was, moreover, approaching the very place where many of the scenes of the ghost-stories had been laid. In the center of the road stood an enormous tulip tree, which towered like a giant above all the other trees of the neighborhood, and formed a kind of land-25 mark. Its limbs were gnarled and fantastic, large enough to form trunks for ordinary trees, twisting down

almost to the earth, and rising again into the air. It was connected with the tragical story of the unfortunate André, who had been taken prisoner hard by; and was universally known by the name of Major André's tree. 5 The common people regarded it with a mixture of respect and superstition, partly out of sympathy for the fate of its ill-starred namesake, and partly from the tales of strange sights and doleful lamentations told concerning it.

As Ichabod approached this fearful tree, he began to 10 whistle: he thought his whistle was answered, — it was but a blast sweeping sharply through the dry branches. As he approached a little nearer he thought he saw something white, hanging in the midst of the tree, — he paused and ceased whistling; but on looking more nar- 15 rowly, perceived that it was a place where the tree had been scathed by lightning, and the white wood laid bare. Suddenly he heard a groan, — his teeth chattered and his knees smote against the saddle: it was but the rubbing of one huge bough upon another, as they were swayed about 20 by the breeze. He passed the tree in safety, but new perils lay before him.

About two hundred yards from the tree a small brook crossed the road, and ran into a marshy and thickly wooded glen, known by the name of Wiley's swamp. A 25 few rough logs, laid side by side, served for a bridge over this stream. On that side of the road where the brook entered the wood, a group of oaks and chestnuts, matted

thick with wild grapevines, threw a deep gloom over it. To pass this bridge was the severest trial. It was at this identical spot that the unfortunate André was captured. It has ever since been considered a haunted stream, and fearful are the feelings of the schoolboy who has to pass 5 it alone after dark.

As he approached the stream, his heart began to thump; he summoned up, however, all his resolution, gave his horse half a score of kicks in the ribs, and attempted to dash briskly across the bridge; but instead 10 of starting forward, the perverse old animal ran broadside against the fence. Ichabod, whose fears increased with the delay, jerked the reins on the other side, and kicked lustily with the contrary foot: it was all in vain; his steed started, it is true, but it was only to plunge to the 15 opposite side of the road into a thicket of brambles and alder bushes. The schoolmaster now bestowed both whip and heel upon the ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forward, snuffing and snorting, but came to a stand just by the bridge with a suddenness that nearly sent his 20 rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment a plashy tramp by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the grove, on the margin of the brook, he beheld something huge, misshapen, black, and towering. It stirred not, but seemed 25 gathered up in the gloom, like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveler.

crestfallen, with the head (or crest) down, discouraged; **fantastic**, odd, strange; **tragical**, terrible, having to do with death or great sorrow; **perverse**, obstinate, disposed to do wrong; **melancholy**, gloomy, sad; **accidentally**, without intent, by accident; **scathed**, damaged; **ill-starred**, unfortunate, — an interesting word to study. At one time it was thought that a child would be fortunate or unfortunate according to the position of the stars at the time of his birth. If he had much trouble, he was said to have been born under an evil star; thus the word **ill-starred** came to mean “unfortunate”; **plashy**, having the sound of walking in water.

What hour of the night is meant in this first sentence? Do you know why the word **witching** is applied to it? What kind of a story does this lead you to expect? We have two very interesting words applied to Ichabod Crane. Explain the figures in them. They have become so common now that the people who use them rarely think of them as figurative.

To explain Ichabod's dismal feelings, it is necessary for you to know that the pretty Katrina Van Tassel, at whose house he had been visiting, had just refused to marry him.

Notice the way in which Irving has made you feel the quiet of the hour, by mentioning several things that suggest the deep hush of midnight. What are these things? Notice how the feeling of loneliness is heightened. What interesting figure explains the deepening of the darkness? The time is just right for a ghost story; now we must have the appropriate place. Describe Major André's tree. Do you know what historical event caused it to become noticed? Describe Ichabod's terror as he passed the tree. Was there as yet any ground for his fears? What spot, still more fearful, must he pass? In what indirect way are we told that Ichabod was frightened? Describe his efforts to get old Gunpowder across the bridge.

Spelling. — *doleful, melancholy, perverse, tragical, scathed, accidentally.*

Word Study. — What is the meaning of *doleful*? Notice the use of the suffix in *sorrowful, dreadful, fearful*. Notice that in making *full* a suffix, one *l* is dropped. Give other words with this suffix.

37

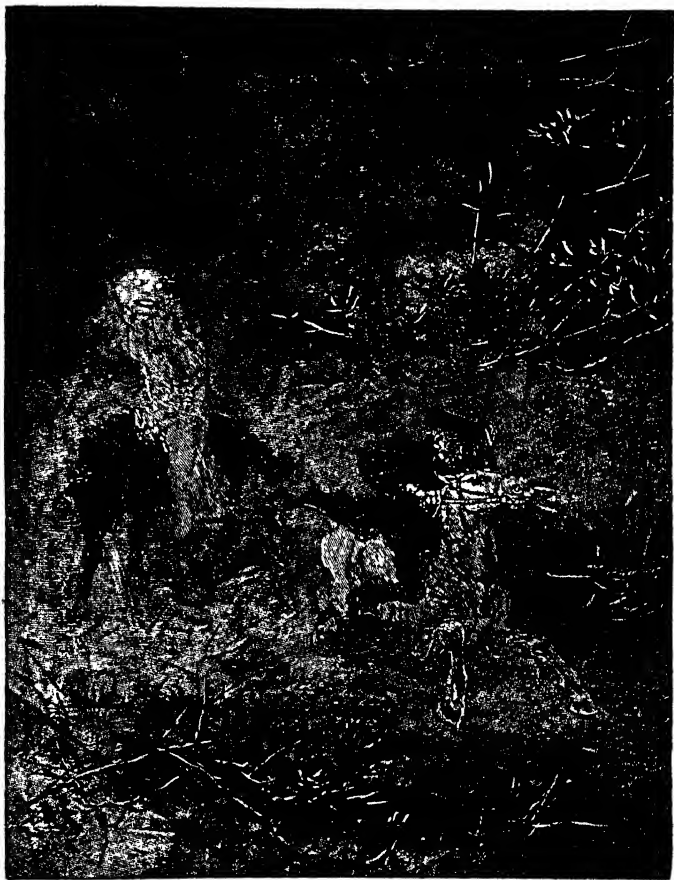
THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN (*Concluded*)

THE hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose upon his head with terror. What was to be done? To turn and fly was now too late; and besides, what chance was there of escaping ghost or goblin, if such he was, which could ride upon the wings of the wind? Summoning up, there-
fore, a show of courage, he demanded in stammering accents — “Who are you?” He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer. Once more he cudgeled the sides of the stubborn Gunpowder, and shutting his eyes, broke
forth with involuntary fervor into a psalm tune. Just
then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion, and, with a scramble and a bound, stood at once in the middle of the road. Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the unknown might now in some
degree be ascertained. He appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions, and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. He made no offer of molestation or sociability, but kept aloof on one side of the road, jogging along on the blind side of old Gunpowder, who had now got over
his fright and waywardness.

Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange midnight companion, now quickened his steed, in hopes of leaving him behind. The stranger, however, quickened his horse

to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up, and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind ; the other did the same. His heart began to sink within him ; he endeavored to resume his psalm tune, but his parched tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he could not utter a note. There was something in the moody and dogged silence of his companion that was mysterious. It was soon fearfully accounted for. On mounting a rising ground, which brought the figure of his fellow-traveler in relief against the sky, gigantic in height, and muffled in a cloak, Ichabod was horror-struck on perceiving that he was headless ! But his horror was still more increased, on observing that the head, which should have rested on his shoulders, was carried before him on the pommel of the saddle. His terror rose to desperation ; he rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hoping, by a sudden movement, to give his companion the slip, — but the specter started full jump with him. Away then they dashed through thick and thin ; stones flying, and sparks flashing at every bound. Ichabod's flimsy garments fluttered in the air, as he stretched his long, lank body away over his horse's head, in the eagerness of his flight.

They had now reached the road which turns off to Sleepy Hollow ; but Gunpowder, who seemed possessed with a demon, instead of keeping up it, made an opposite turn, and plunged headlong downhill to the left. This road leads through a sandy hollow, shaded by trees for



THE MIDNIGHT RIDE

about a quarter of a mile, where it crosses the bridge famous in goblin story, and just beyond swells the green knoll on which stands the whitewashed church.

As yet the panic of the steed had given his unskillful rider an apparent advantage in the chase; but just as he had got half-way through the hollow, the girths of the saddle gave way, and he felt it slipping from under him. He seized it by the pommel, and endeavored to hold it firm, but in vain; and had just time to save himself by clasping old Gunpowder round the neck, when the saddle fell to the earth, and he heard it trampled underfoot by his pursuer. The goblin was hard on his haunches; and (unskillful rider that he was!) he had much ado to maintain his seat; sometimes slipping on one side, sometimes on another, and sometimes jolted on the high ridge of his horse's backbone, with a violence that he verily feared would cleave him asunder.

An opening in the trees now cheered him with the hopes that the church bridge was at hand. The wavering reflection of a silver star in the bosom of the brook told him that he was not mistaken. He saw the walls of the church dimly glaring under the trees beyond. "If I can but reach that bridge," thought Ichabod, "I am safe." Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him; he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprang upon the bridge; he thundered over

the resounding planks; he gained the opposite side; and now Ichabod cast a look behind to see if his pursuer should vanish according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups, and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavored to dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash; he was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider, passed by like a whirlwind.



The next morning the old horse was found without his saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass at his master's gate. Ichabod did not make his appearance at breakfast;—dinner-hour came, but no Ichabod. The boys assembled at the schoolhouse, and strolled idly about the banks of the brook; but no schoolmaster. An inquiry was set on foot, and after diligent investigation they came upon his traces. In one part of the road leading to the church was found the saddle trampled in the dirt; the tracks of horses' hoofs

deeply dented in the road, and evidently at furious speed, were traced to the bridge, beyond which, on the bank of a broad part of the brook, where the water ran deep and black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it a shattered pumpkin.

— WASHINGTON IRVING: *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.*

molestation, disturbance or hindrance; **cranium**, skull; **pommel**, highest part of the curved front of a saddle; **convulsive**, spasmodic, jerky; **involuntary**, without intent, not controlled by will.

Describe the conduct of Ichabod. Describe the ghostly horseman. Ichabod's terror increases. How are we told this? What fearful discovery does he now make? Describe the wild ride. For a moment we have hope that he will escape. What grounds have we for this? As in all ghost stories, the most horrible thing comes last. What is it here? After reading the last paragraph, explain the ghost story. What do you think had become of poor Ichabod?

Spelling. — Pursuer, uneasiness, cleave, pommel.

Composition. — You have noticed how Irving made you know the loneliness of the hour and place and made you feel that something ghostly was about to happen. Perhaps you have tried to make up ghost stories to amuse your companions. Did you end by giving an amusing explanation? Write a story, using the following outline for a guide: —

1. *Place.* A deserted but partly furnished house on a lonely road, where you have taken refuge, having lost your way.
2. *Time.* Midnight, during a fearful storm.
3. Sound of wailing from an adjoining room, which you knew to be empty, having passed through on your way in; the wails followed by broken music, heard in lulls of the storm.
4. Your terrible fright.

5. In the morning you find there a cat. It had followed you in and become closed in the room, which contained an old piano, opened.

Try to let us know it is midnight without simply stating the hour. See how Irving did it. Let us know how frightened you were by telling what effect your fright had on you. Make only five paragraphs. The most interesting story may be read to the class. If you prefer to do so, you may write an entirely different ghost story, making your own outline, similar to the one given above.

38

THE RHODORA

ON BEING ASKED, WHENCE IS THE FLOWER ?

In May, when sea winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
The purple petals, fallen in the pool, 5
Made the black water with their beauty gay ;
Here might the redbird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora ! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky, 10
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being :
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose !
I never thought to ask, I never knew ;

But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
The selfsame Power that brought me there brought you.

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

solitudes, lonely places; **desert**, uninhabited places; **array**, clothing or covering; **sages**, wise men.

Why did Emerson write this poem? Have you ever seen the Rhodora in bloom? The flowers appear before the leaves. Read the first eight verses. What picture do you get here? What figure in verse 1? What is the meaning of the word **desert** here? Explain verse 8? The last eight verses give the thoughts that come to the poet on seeing such a beautiful flower blooming in an out-of-the-way place, and on hearing the question which he places before the poem. What two questions are asked or implied in this second half of the poem? Give the poet's answer to each. Notice the arrangement of rhymes. Commit to memory lines 9-12.

Spelling. — Sages, solitudes, desert, array.

Grammar. — You have learned that a **phrase** is a group of words consisting of a principal word, which is either a noun or a pronoun, and an introducing word. The first and introducing word of such phrases (**of**, **in**, **though**, **for**, etc.) is called a preposition, a word which means **placed before**.

"The father of the maid did not overtake her." You will see that the preposition **of** shows the relation between the principal word of the phrase (**maid**) and the word modified by the phrase (**father**). This is the use of all prepositions: (1) To introduce a phrase modifier; (2) to show the relation in sense of the principal word of the phrase to the word modified by it. A phrase introduced by a preposition, no matter what it modifies, is called a **prepositional phrase**.

Fill the blanks with suitable prepositions:—

The horseman — a head rode — a wild gallop. Emerson found the Rhodora — the woods. We sang merrily — the

greenwood tree. Ellie found the nest — the swan — the reeds. Boone was one — the earliest settlers — Kentucky. The two lads who went — the woods — night were — fear.

Use ten of the following prepositions in sentences: —

On, of, below, under, from, into, in, against, for, over, toward, about, up, down, through, at, across, against, beneath.

Analyze each phrase you make according to this model: —

We walked through the forest. **Through the forest** is an adverbial phrase because it modifies the verb **walked**. The principal word is the noun **forest**, which is modified by the adjective **the**. The introducing word is the preposition **through**, which shows the relation in sense between **forest** and **walked**.

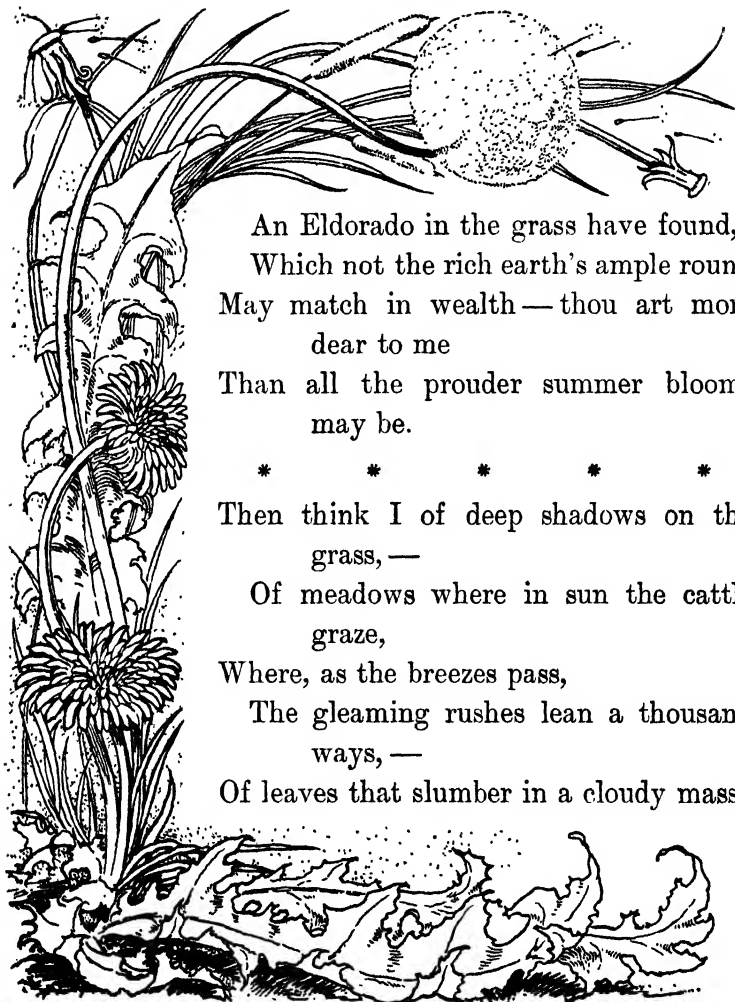
What is a preposition? (Answer by telling its use.)

39

TO THE DANDELION

[James Russell Lowell, one of our great poets and essayists, was a friend and neighbor of Longfellow, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he lived in Elmwood, a house quite as beautiful and nearly as old and historic as that of Longfellow. He was for a time United States minister, as it is called, in Spain and England, — that is, he had the great honor of being chosen by the President to represent the United States in these countries, taking charge of all official business which we transacted there.]

DEAR common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
 Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
 First pledge of blithesome May,
 Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold,
 High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they



An Eldorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth — thou art more
dear to me
Than all the prouder summer blooms
may be.

* * * * *

Then think I of deep shadows on the
grass, —
Of meadows where in sun the cattle
graze,
Where, as the breezes pass,
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand
ways, —
Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,

Or whiten in the wind, — of waters blue
That from the distance sparkle through
Some woodland gap, — and of a sky above
Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with thee ; 5
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
Who, from the dark old tree
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,
And I, secure in childish piety,
Listened as if I heard an angel sing 10
With news from Heaven, which he did bring
Fresh every day to my untainted ears,
When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

* * * * *

How like a prodigal doth Nature seem,
When thou, for all the gold, so common art ! 15
Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart,
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
Of Heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,
Did we but pay the love we owe, 20
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
On all these living pages of God's book.

pledge, promise; **blithesome**, cheerful, gay; **Eldorado**, a name given by Spaniards in the sixteenth century to a country abounding in gold, which was said to exist somewhere in the New World; **piety**, love for God, religious feeling; **untainted**, not spoiled, pure, not knowing evil; **peers**, equals; **prodigal**, a wasteful person, a spendthrift; **deem**, think; **sacredly**, with respect or reverence.

Stanza 1. Whom does the poet address? Notice the great number of figures. Why does the poet use the word **harmless** in verse 2? What word might you substitute for **pledge** in verse 3? To whom are the children compared? Explain the comparison. Express in common language "the rich earth's ample round."
Stanza 2. The dandelion brings to his recollection other things in nature in a succession of beautiful pictures. What words give color to the scenes? Which descriptions have words suggesting movement? Which use of figurative language in this stanza seems to you the most beautiful? **Stanza 3.** What other reasons has he for loving the dandelion? What beautiful thought about childhood do we get here? **Stanza 4.** Explain the figures in verses 1-2. In the remaining verses we get the main thought of the poem. Do some people despise common flowers? Do some people despise poor, common men and women? What reasons did the poet find for loving the dandelion? What reasons for loving all human beings?

In stanza 1 who are shown as seeing the beauty in the common flower? In stanza 3 who heard in the robin's song **an angel's message**? What is meant by "living pages of God's book"? What kind of wisdom must one have to learn the wondrous secrets that these living pages might show? You see how the thought of the **child's undoubting wisdom**, which leads him to see beauty everywhere and hear God's voice in nature, runs through all the verses, and is used by the poet in stanza 4 to teach him how to regard all human beings.

Notice the arrangement of the rhymed lines.

Spelling. — Blithesome, piety, untainted, prodigal, pledge, **sacredly**.

Word Study.—In this lesson select any words containing prefixes or suffixes whose meaning you have learned. In the last stanza what word do you see whose stem meaning you have learned?

Composition.—In writing you must always keep in mind for whom the writing is intended. If you are writing to your teacher, you might use words or expressions that would not be understood by your little brother or sister. Remember the most important thing in any writing is to make your meaning **clear**. Suppose that you wish to explain to some other boy or girl a certain game. First think of the person who is to read the explanation. Consider his age, or his previous experience in playing games of this kind. Then suit your explanation to the reader. Explain carefully, making your meaning clear by comparisons, or often by a little drawing.

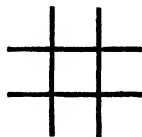
Suppose you are to explain the game tit-tat-to. You might do so in some such way as this:—

In playing tit-tat-to there are two opponents: let us call one *A* and the other *B*.

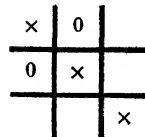
The game is played in spaces made by two pairs of parallel lines, crossing each other at right angles, like this:

A uses a cross like this, ×; *B* uses a cipher, 0.

A tries to fill three adjoining spaces in the diagram with his mark. *B* tries to prevent him by putting his cipher in between the crosses, while at the same time trying to get three ciphers in adjoining spaces. Each fills a space in turn.



The winner is he who first succeeds in filling three adjoining spaces with his mark. In this case *A* is the winner:



You would probably understand this explanation. But suppose it was intended for a child of seven years old, who would not know the meaning of **opponents** or **parallel lines**, or **lines at right angles**? Then paragraph 1 might be simplified by saying: "Two persons can play the game." Paragraph 2 might be simplified by saying: "It is played with lines crossing like this," and so on.

Write directions for playing some game. Make your directions so simple that a boy or a girl of your age could understand them. If possible, make your meaning clearer by drawing a diagram. Plan your directions before you begin. Decide how many paragraphs you will need. If you can find some boy who has not played this game, read your directions to him, and see if he understands you. Do not attempt to explain a very difficult game, like baseball. Take something simple, such as cross tag, or leapfrog, or marbles, or hide and seek.

40

LOCHINVAR

O, YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide border his steed was the best ;
And save his good broadsword, he weapons had none,
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.

6 So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,
He swam the Eske River where ford there was none ;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,

10 The bride had consented, the gallant came late ;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,

Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all

15 Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),

“O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?” —



“I long woo’d your daughter, my suit you denied ; —
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide —
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.”

The bride kiss'd the goblet : the knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
5 He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar, —
“Now tread we a measure!” said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace ;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
10 And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume ;
And the bridemaids whisper'd, “ ’Twere better by far,
To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar.”

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall door, and the charger stood near :
15 So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung !
“She is won ! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur ;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow,” quoth young Loch-
invar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan ;
20 Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran :
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have you e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar ?

— WALTER SCOTT ; *Marmion*.

border, part of Scotland bordering on England; **brake**, thicket of bushes; **laggard**, a loiterer; **dastard**, coward; **craven**, a coward; **measure**, a dance; **dauntless**, without fear. A Scottish **clan** consists of families related to each other.

Read this poem through to get the story. Where is the scene of the story? Who is the hero? Quote lines that describe him. Compare him with the bridegroom. If the bridegroom was a "laggard in love," how did he manage to secure the fair Ellen? Describe Lochinvar's entrance into the hall. Describe the feelings of the father, the mother, the bridegroom, the bridesmaids. Tell the story of the flight of Lochinvar with fair Ellen.

Notice that the poem begins with two verses describing young Lochinvar, followed by verses describing the ride. In the last stanza we have another wild ride, and the poem closes with two more verses in praise of Lochinvar. As you read them aloud, do you notice the galloping movement of the verses? Have you read *How They brought the Good News from Ghent*? A poem describing rapid action should move rapidly; does this? Of what other poem does it remind you? (1) in theme, (2) in scene (Scottish Highlands), (3) in rapidity of action.

You will enjoy committing this poem to memory.

Spelling. — Dauntless, dastard, craven, broadsword, bridegroom, laggard.

Synonyms. — Notice that in poetry unusual words often sound better than common words. In *Lochinvar* find the words for which the following are synonyms. Notice which are the more suitable for the purpose: horse, fearless, thicket, loiterer, coward, wedding, drank, forbid, swift.

Grammar. — Do not use two negative words when you wish to make a denial; for then your meaning is just the opposite of what you intend it to be. Children sometimes say, "I have not got no time," instead of "I have no time." What would the first sentence really mean?

Incorrect: I can't find no pencil.

Correct: { I can't find a pencil, *or*
I can find no pencil.

Correct the following errors: —

Little Ellie could not find no swan's nest. Ichabod couldn't see no head on the goblin. He hadn't no chance to escape. The old man wouldn't give up nothing. Lord Ullin cried, "You shan't have no daughter of mine."

Notice this mistake whenever you hear it made. Be very careful not to make it yourself.

41

BRUCE AND THE SPIDER

[Robert Bruce was one of the most famous kings of Scotland. When he came to the throne, he found his kingdom rent asunder by discord and civil war and under the dominion of England, but after fighting bravely against many discouragements, he lived to make Scotland free, happy, peaceful, and prosperous.]

It was about the time when Bruce's fortunes were lowest that an incident took place, which, although it rests only on tradition, is made probable by the manners of the times. After receiving the last displeasing intelligence from Scotland, Bruce was lying one morning on his wretched bed and deliberating with himself whether he had not better resign all thoughts of again attempting to make good his right to the Scottish crown, and, dismissing his followers, transport himself and his brothers to the Holy Land and spend the rest of his life in fighting against the Saracens.

While he was doubtful of what he should do, Bruce was looking upward to the roof of the cabin in which he lay; and his eye was attracted by a spider, which, hanging at the end of a long thread of its own spinning, was endeavoring, as is the fashion of that creature, to swing 5 itself from one beam in the roof to another for the purpose of fixing the line on which it meant to stretch its web. The insect made the attempt again and again without success; and at length Bruce counted that it had tried to carry its point six times and been as often unable to do 10 so. It came into his head that he had himself fought just six battles against the English and their allies, and that the poor persevering spider was exactly in the same situation with himself, having made as many trials and been as often disappointed in what it aimed at. "Now," 15 thought Bruce, "as I have no means of knowing what is best to be done, I will be guided by the luck which shall attend this spider. If the insect shall make another effort to fix its thread and shall be successful, I will venture a seventh time to try my fortune in Scotland; but if the 20 spider shall fail I will go to the wars in Palestine and never return to my native country more."

While Bruce was forming this resolution, the spider made another exertion with all the force it could muster, and fairly succeeded in fastening its thread to the beam, 25 which it had so often in vain attempted to reach. Bruce, seeing the success of the spider, resolved to try his own

fortune ; and though he had never before gained a victory, he never afterward had any considerable or decisive check or defeat. I have often met with people of the name of Bruce so completely persuaded of the truth of this story that they would not on any account kill a spider, because it was that insect which had shown the example of perseverance and given a signal of good luck to their great namesake.

— SIR WALTER SCOTT: *Tales of a Grandfather*.

tradition, information which is not written down as history, but depends upon the memory, being told by father to son ; **deliberating**, carefully thinking over ; **transport**, carry across ; **exertion**, strong effort ; **decisive**, positive, not to be altered.

Who is the hero of this tale ? What is meant by “ rests only on tradition ” ? Tell the story of Bruce and the spider. How is it regarded by members of that family ?

Spelling. — Deliberating, transport, tradition, exertion, decisive.

Word Study. — In the word **transport**, what is the stem ? Do you remember any related words ?

Composition. — You notice how closely Bruce observed the making of the spider’s web. Have you ever watched closely an animal in order to discover for yourself any of its habits ?

Perhaps you have a pet cat, dog, horse, bird, or turtle. Some children even make pets of toads. Have you ever watched a pollywog change into a frog ? Or kept a cocoon until the moth or butterfly came out ? If you have not already done so, before you write your next composition, see if you can find an opportunity to watch some animal.

Write a composition telling something you have observed about some animal. Make an outline before you begin. Write a topic for each paragraph and be sure to arrange your paragraphs in proper order, thus : —

The Life of a Butterfly.

- | | |
|-----------------|---|
| 1. Caterpillar. | } You would not arrange these paragraphs in the
order 1, 3, 2. Why not ? |
| 2. Cocoon. | |
| 3. Butterfly. | |

Have you read any of the books written by John Burroughs, Olive Thorne Miller, or Ernest Thompson Seton? They have all written very interesting accounts of animal life.

42

LADY CLARE

[Alfred Tennyson, who died only a few years ago, was long the Poet Laureate of England, that is, the person appointed by the king or queen, according to a strange old custom, to celebrate in verse the important happenings of the royal house. But he was more than the official poet of a court: he was the most beloved poet of the English nation.]

It was the time when lilies blow,
And clouds are highest up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn ;
Lovers long betrothed were they ;
They two will wed the morrow morn —
God's blessing on the day !

“ He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair ;
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well,” said Lady Clare.

6

10

In there came old Alice the nurse,
Said, "Who was this that went from thee?"
"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare;
"To-morrow he weds with me."

5 "O, God be thanked," said Alice the nurse,
"That all comes round so just and fair!
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are *not* the Lady Clare."



"Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse?"
10 Said Lady Clare, "That ye speak so wild?"
"As God's above," said Alice the nurse,
"I speak the truth: you are my child."
"The old Earl's daughter died at my breast;
I speak the truth, as I live by bread!
15 I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead."

"Falsely, falsely have ye done,
O mother," she said, "if this be true,
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse, 5
"But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's,
When you are man and wife."

"If I'm a beggar born," she said,
"I will speak out, for I dare not lie. 10
Pull off, pull off, the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret all ye can."
She said, "Not so; but I will know 15
If there be any faith in man."

"Nay now, what faith?" said Alice the nurse;
"The man will cleave unto his right."
"And he shall have it," the lady replied,
"Tho' I should die to-night." 20

"Yet give one kiss to your mother dear!
Alas, my child, I sinned for thee!"
"O mother, mother, mother," she said,
"So strange it seems to me."

“Yet here’s a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear, if this be so,
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go.”

5 She clad herself in a russet gown,
She was no longer Lady Clare ;
She went by dale, and she went by down,
With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
10 Leapt up from where she lay,
Dropt her head in the maiden’s hand,
And followed her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower :
“O Lady Clare, you shame your worth !
15 Why come you dressed like a village maid,
That are the flower of the earth !”

“If I come dressed like a village maid,
I am but as my fortunes are ;
I am a beggar born,” she said,
20 “And not the Lady Clare.”

“Play me no tricks,” said Lord Ronald,
“For I am yours in word and in deed.
Play me no tricks,” said Lord Ronald,
“Your riddle is hard to read.”

O, and proudly stood she up!
Her heart within her did not fail;
She looked into Lord Ronald's eyes,
And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laughed a laugh of merry scorn : 5
He turned and kissed her where she stood ;
“ If you are not the heiress born,
And I,” said he, “ the next in blood —

“ If you are not the heiress born,
And I,” said he, “ the lawful heir, 10
We two will wed to-morrow morn,
And you shall still be Lady Clare.”

— ALFRED TENNYSON.

trow, an old-fashioned word, believe; **cleave**, cling to; **russet**, homespun; **betrothed**, promised for marriage.

Do you remember what we called a poem of this kind, containing a story? Read the poem through. Name all the characters. Tell the story. What pretty pictures do you get? Quote the lines which contain the one you like best.

In reading any selection try to discover its best things. The main interest in some pieces is the exciting, well-told story, as in *Treasure Island*; the beautiful descriptions of nature, in *Rhodora*; the humor, in *The Height of the Ridiculous*; the lofty patriotism, in *The Flower of Liberty*; or the presenting of noble character, as in *The Wreck*. What do you consider the best thing in this poem?

After you have read a number of pieces by one author you begin to see what sort of people and things he liked. Judging from this poem, can you tell one quality in character that Tennyson admired?

Use all the words you can to describe Lady Clare ; to describe Lord Ronald.

Spelling. — Russet, riddle, brooch, betrothed, cleave.

Grammar. — Use care in your choice of prepositions. Can you explain the difference in the meanings of the following ?

We walked in the forest. We walked into the forest. He led his horse into the stream. He led his horse in the stream.

Is there any difference between jumping in the water and jumping into the water ?

Fill the following spaces with **in** or **into**: The dandelions grew — the field. I jumped from the float — the water. The boy plunged — the stream. Little Giffen was taken — the house. The flower grew — the crannied wall.

Do not use **off of** when you mean **from**. I must get permission **from** (not **off of**) my teacher. I will borrow ten cents **from** (not **off of**) my friend.

Fill the blanks with correct words: —

May I get my pencil — John ? Will you borrow the book — Mary ? I hope to receive a letter — my father. Get permission — your mother.

Use **between** when speaking of two persons or things. Use **among** when speaking of more than two.

Fill the blanks with **between** or **among**: —

Divide the fruit — the two boys. He stepped — the two men. He rushed — the stragglers. He walked — the people. He divided his fortune equally — his two children.

SWORD AND SCIMITER

[The great English writer of historical novels is Sir Walter Scott, who lived in Scotland a century ago and who was made a noble by the king because throughout the realm old and young, rich

and poor, were charmed by these delightful and beautiful stories of his. Two of them, *Ivanhoe* and *The Talisman*, you are now old enough to read or to have read to you. Both are tales of the time of that brave English prince, Richard the Lion-Hearted. *Ivanhoe* is the story of his adventures in his own country when his brother tried to take away the throne from him. *The Talisman* is the story of his adventures in the Holy Land, where he had gone with an army to capture Jerusalem from the Saracens or Arabs. The king, or Soldan, of the Saracens was Saladin, who was as brave and noble as Richard. This extract shows what they thought of each other, when, after the armies had long been fighting, the two leaders met to discuss terms of peace.]

SALADIN led the way to a splendid pavilion, where was everything that royal luxury could devise. De Vaux, who was in attendance, then removed the long riding-cloak which Richard wore, and he stood before Saladin in the close dress which showed to advantage the strength 5 and symmetry of his person, while it bore a strong contrast to the flowing robes which disguised the thin frame of the Eastern monarch. It was Richard's two-handed sword that chiefly attracted the attention of the Saracen, — a broad, straight blade, the seemingly unwieldy length 10 of which extended well-nigh from the shoulder to the heel of the wearer.

"Had I not," said Saladin, "seen this brand flaming in the front of battle, I had scarce believed that human arm could wield it. Might I request to see you strike one 15 blow with it in peace, and in pure trial of strength?"

"Willingly, noble Saladin," answered Richard; and

looking around for something whereon to exercise his strength, he saw a steel mace, held by one of the attendants, the handle being of the same metal, and about an inch and a half in diameter. This he placed on a block
5 of wood.

The anxiety of De Vaux for his master's honor led him to whisper in English — "For the blessed Virgin's sake, beware what you attempt! Your full strength is not as yet returned; give no triumph to the infidel."

10 "Peace, fool!" said Richard, standing firm on his ground and casting a fierce glance around; "thinkest thou that I can fail in *his* presence?"

The glittering broadsword, wielded by both his hands, rose aloft to the king's left shoulder, circled round his
15 head, descended with the sway of some terrific engine, and the bar of iron rolled on the ground in two pieces, as a woodsman would sever a sapling.

"By the head of the Prophet, a most wonderful blow!" said the Soldan, critically and accurately examining
20 the iron bar which had been cut asunder; and the blade of the sword was so well tempered as to exhibit not the least token of having suffered by the feat it had performed. He then took the king's hand, and looking on the size and muscular strength which it
25 exhibited, laughed as he placed it in his own, so lank and thin.

"Ay, look well," said De Vaux, in English; "it will



A TRIAL OF STRENGTH

be long ere your fingers do such a feat with your fine gilded reaping hook there."

"Silence, De Vaux," said Richard; "by Our Lady, he understands or guesses their meaning."

5 The Soldan, indeed, presently said — "Something I would fain attempt, though wherefore should the weak show their inferiority in presence of the strong? Yet, each land hath its own exercises, and this may be new to you." So saying, he took from the floor a cushion of silk
10 and down, and placed it upright on one end. "Can thy weapon, my brother, sever that cushion?" he said to King Richard.

"No, surely," replied the king, "no sword on earth, were it the Excalibur of King Arthur, can cut that which
15 opposes no resistance to the blow."

"Mark, then," said Saladin; and tucking up the sleeve of his gown, showed his arm, thin indeed and spare, but which constant exercise had hardened into a mass consisting of nought but bone and muscle. He un-
20 sheathed his scimiter, a curved and narrow blade, which glittered not like the swords of the Franks, but was, on the contrary, of a dull blue color, marked with ten millions of meandering lines, which showed how anxiously the metal had been welded by the armorer. Wielding
25 this weapon, apparently so inefficient when compared to that of Richard, the Soldan stood resting his weight upon his left foot, which was slightly advanced; he balanced

himself a little as if to steady his aim, then stepping at once forward, drew the scimiter across the cushion, applying the edge so dexterously, and with so little apparent effort, that the cushion seemed rather to fall asunder than to be divided by violence.

5

“It is a juggler’s trick,” said De Vaux, darting forward and snatching up the portion of the cushion which had been cut off, as if to assure himself of the reality of the feat.

The Soldan seemed to comprehend him, for he undid the sort of veil which he had hitherto worn, laid it double along the edge of the saber, extended the weapon edge-ways in the air, and drawing it suddenly through the veil, although it hung on the blade entirely loose, severed that also into two parts, which floated to different sides of the tent, equally displaying the extreme temper and sharpness of the weapon, and the exquisite dexterity of him who used it.

“Now, in good faith, my brother,” said Richard, “thou art even matchless at the trick of the sword, and right perilous were it to meet thee!”

—SIR WALTER SCOTT: *The Talisman*.

symmetry, perfection of form; **unwieldy**, not easily managed or carried; **mace**, heavy club of metal; **infidel**, heathen; **scimiter**, sword with curved blade; **meandering**, winding, having many turns; **welded**, hammered out.

A strong contrast is made between the two rulers. What contrast in this first paragraph between the persons of the two

men? their dress? Describe Richard's feat of strength. Describe Saladin's great skill. With what feelings did each regard the other? Who do you think would make the more dangerous foe, Saladin or Richard? Note De Vaux's jealousy. Was it for its own honor? Notice each ruler's generous praise of the other.

Spelling. — Unwieldy, inferior, severed, welded, asunder.

Word Study. — Notice the use of the prefix **ex** in **exit**, **exterior**, **export**, **extinguish**. Give other words where **ex** means "out." "Richard's sword **extended** well-nigh from the shoulder to the heel of the wearer." The stem **tend** means "stretch." What does **extend** mean?

Composition. — You **compare** things that are very much alike. You **contrast** things that are very unlike. You **compare** two shades of one color, to see which is darker or lighter. You **contrast** black with white. If you want to make a tall man look taller, put him beside a short man. If you surround him with other tall men, your attention is not drawn to him especially.

In this story we have a contrast. What qualities in King Richard are more clearly shown by contrast with Saladin? What things in Saladin seem greater by contrast with Richard?

It will be interesting for you to notice other stories where contrast is used to make a thing more important. In *Kathleen* the violence of the stepmother and the gentleness of Kathleen both seem greater by contrast.

In *Lochinvar* point out a strong contrast in characters. State in what qualities the two characters are utterly different. Point out any other character contrasts you have found in this reader.

Contrast two characters about whom you have studied in history, *e.g.*, Benedict Arnold and George Washington. Make up your mind how many qualities you are going to compare. Do not write more than four paragraphs.

Ask yourself the following questions: Have I placed my work properly on the paper? Have I spelled correctly? Have I used any good descriptive adjectives to make my picture clearer?

44

THE DAY IS DONE

[Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born in Portland, Maine, in 1807, and spent most of his life in Cambridge, Massachusetts, living in one of the most charming old houses in America, which George Washington had used as his headquarters when the American troops were besieging Boston. Of all the American poets he was the most beloved by children, and very many of his poems can be understood and enjoyed by children of your age.]

THE day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village 5
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist :

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain, 10
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling, 15
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

5 For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And to-night I long for rest.

10 Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart.
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
15 Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
20 That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

wafted, borne gently; **bards**, poets; **corridors**, galleries or passages; **infest**, to trouble greatly.

Stanza 1. Have you noticed how the general feeling of a poem is often given in the opening stanza? Do you remember *Lochinvar*? *Lord Ullin's Daughter*? *Old Ironsides*? What feeling do you get from the figure here? In what way is night represented? Stanzas 2-3. Is there anything in these stanzas or in stanza 1 to explain the feeling of sadness? Stanza 4. How is his restless feeling to be soothed? Is the word **soothed** a good one to use here? Stanza 5. Can you mention any **grand old master** or **bard sublime**? In what way are their footsteps distant? Stanza 6. Explain his reason for not wishing to hear their poems at this time. Stanza 7. What figures here? Stanza 8. Have you noticed any resemblance between **poetry** and **music**? Stanza 9. Point out the two figures in this stanza. Stanza 10. Is poetry more beautiful when read aloud well? Stanza 11. Another very beautiful figure. Point out the resemblances. Which stanzas seem to you the most beautiful? Commit them to memory.

Spelling.—Wafted, bards, corridors, melodies, benediction, infest.

Word Study.—Select the words that you think would not be used in ordinary speech. Give synonyms for these poetic words.

Grammar.—When you ask a question, **will** should not be used before **I** or **we**. Say, **Shall I** go? not **Will I** go? Say, **Shall we** go? not **Will we** go?

Fill the blanks:—

Where — we go now? — we go home? When I reach there, what — I do? — we be ready to return soon? — we go together? — I go alone?

In declarative sentences **shall** used with **I** or **we** simply shows future time, and **will** with **I** or **we** shows purpose or determination.

Fill the blanks:—

I — be home soon; then I — help you. We — certainly go. I fear we — be late. I think I — not be there to-morrow. — we help you now? We — do so gladly.

Write five sentences using **shall** or **will** with **I** or **we**.

45

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND SIR WALTER RALEIGH

[In reading this extract from Sir Walter Scott's novel, *Kenilworth*, you should bear in mind that the scene is London three hundred years ago, and that the persons are Elizabeth, — the brilliant queen under whom England defeated Spain, and became the mistress of the seas, — and Walter Raleigh, who became a royal favorite. The incident related is founded on an old and probably true tradition. This was the Sir Walter Raleigh who made the first settlements in America, calling the land Virginia, after the virgin (unmarried) queen. After Elizabeth's death he was thrown into prison, where he remained twelve years. He was then released, only to be sent on a wild expedition to Guinea to find gold. Unluckily he came back without any. The old charge of treason was revived, and he was beheaded.

To appreciate the selection, you should understand that Blount and Raleigh were both young men in the service of the Earl of Sussex, one of the queen's chief officers, and were sent to her with an important message from him. They reached London just as the queen was about to embark on the Thames.]

"It seems to me," said Blount, "as if our message were a sort of labor in vain; for see, the queen's barge

lies at the stairs, as if her Majesty were about to take water."

It was even so. The royal barge, manned with the queen's watermen, richly attired in the regal liveries, and having the banner of England displayed, did indeed lie at the great stairs which ascended from the river. As they approached the gate of the palace, one of the sergeants told them that they could not at present enter, as her Majesty was in the act of coming forth.

"Nay, I told you as much before," said Blount; "I pray you, my dear Walter, let us take boat and return."

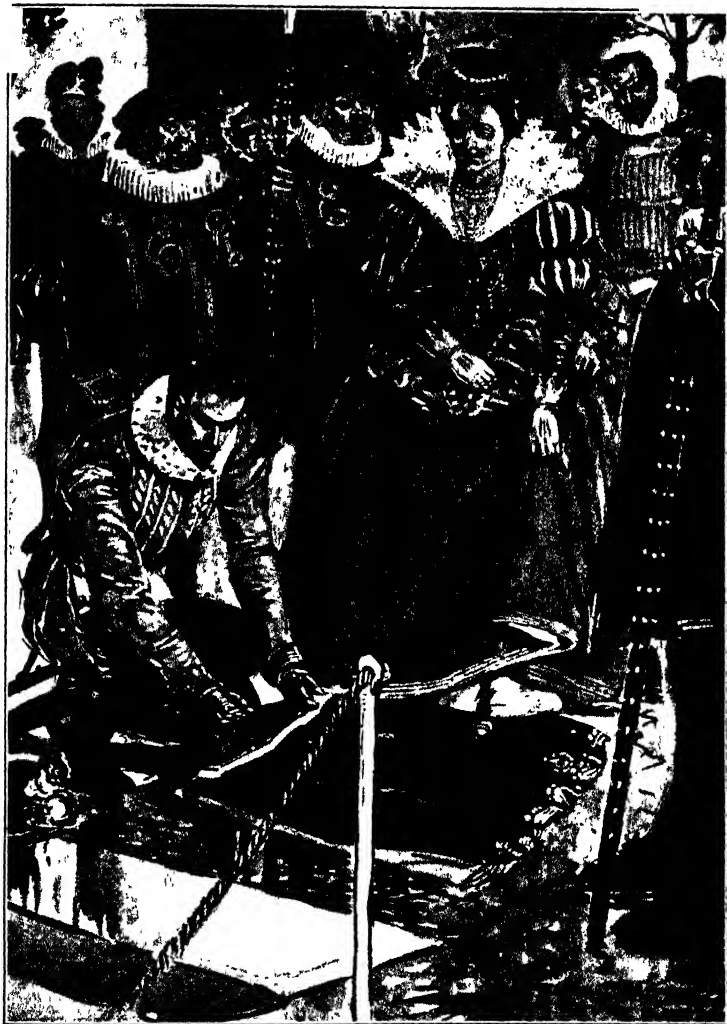
"Not till I see the queen come forth," returned the youth, composedly.

At this moment the gates opened, and ushers began to issue forth. After this, amid a crowd of lords and ladies, yet so disposed around her that she could see and be seen on all sides, came Elizabeth herself, then in the prime of womanhood, and in the full glow of what in a sovereign was called beauty.

The young cavalier had probably never yet approached so near the person of his sovereign, and he pressed forward as far as the line of warders permitted, in order to avail himself of the present opportunity. His companion, on the contrary, cursing his imprudence, kept pulling him backward, till Walter shook him off impatiently, and letting his rich cloak drop carelessly from one shoulder — a natural action, which served, however, to display to the

best advantage his well-proportioned person — unbonneting at the same time, he fixed his eager gaze on the queen's approach with a mixture of respectful curiosity and modest yet ardent admiration, which suited so well with his fine features that the warders, struck with his rich attire and noble countenance, allowed him to approach the ground over which the queen was to pass somewhat closer than was permitted to ordinary spectators. Thus the adventurous youth stood full in Elizabeth's eye — an eye never indifferent to the admiration which she deservedly excited among her subjects, or to beauty of form which chanced to distinguish any of her courtiers. Accordingly, she fixed her keen glance on the youth, as she approached the place where he stood, with a look in which surprise at his boldness seemed to be unmingled with resentment, while a trifling accident happened which attracted her attention toward him more strongly.

The night had been rainy, and, just where the young gentleman stood, a small quantity of mud interrupted the queen's passage. As she hesitated to pass on, the gallant, throwing his cloak from his shoulders, laid it on the miry spot, so as to insure her stepping over it dry-shod. Elizabeth looked at the young man, who accomplished this act of devoted courtesy with a profound reverence, and a blush that overspread his whole countenance. The queen was confused, and blushed in her turn, nodded her head, hastily passed on, and embarked in her barge without saying a word.



RALEIGH SPREADS HIS CLOAK BEFORE THE QUEEN

“Come along, sir coxcomb,” said Blount; “your gay cloak will need the brush to-day.”

“This cloak,” said the youth, taking it up and folding it, “shall never be brushed while in my possession.”

5 “And that will not be long, if you learn not a little more economy.”

—WALTER SCOTT: *Kenilworth*.

regal, royal; **sovereign**, ruler; **cavalier**, soldier of good birth; **warders**, guards; **imprudence**, lack of prudence, rashness; **well-proportioned**, all parts formed to look well with the other parts; **unbonneting**, removing his cap or bonnet; **ardent**, eager; **resentment**, anger against one who has offended; **gallant** (noun) a gay, fashionable man of great politeness; **reverence**, inclination of body to show respect (what other use of this word do you know?); **coxcomb**, dandy.

Give the conversation between Blount and Walter. Describe the royal procession. Describe Walter's appearance. Give the story of Walter's coat. What opinion have you formed thus far as to the character of Walter? Quote the lines that reveal something of the disposition of Queen Elizabeth. What did Walter mean by saying his cloak should never be brushed?

Spelling. — Regal, flanked, sovereign, cavalier, imprudence, resentment.

46

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND SIR WALTER RALEIGH

(*Concluded*)

THEIR discourse was here interrupted by one of the queen's officers.

“I was sent,” said he, after looking at them attentively, “to a gentleman who hath no cloak, or a muddy

one. You, sir, I think," addressing the young cavalier, "are the man; you will please follow me."

"He is in attendance on me," said Blount — "on me, the noble Earl of Sussex's master of horse."

"I have nothing to say to that," answered the messenger; "my orders are directly from her Majesty, and concern this gentleman only."

So saying, he walked away, followed by Walter, leaving the others behind, Blount's eyes almost starting from his head with astonishment. 10

The young cavalier was, in the meanwhile, guided to the waterside by the officer, who showed him considerable respect. He ushered him into one of the wherries, which lay ready to attend the queen's barge, which was already proceeding up the river. 15

The two rowers used their oars with such speed that they very soon brought their little skiff under the stern of the queen's boat, where she sat beneath an awning, attended by two or three ladies and the nobles of her household. She looked more than once at the wherry in which 20 the young adventurer was seated, spoke to those around her, and seemed to laugh. At length one of the attendants, by the queen's order apparently, made a sign for the wherry to come alongside, and the young man was desired to step from his own skiff into the queen's barge, 25 which he performed with graceful agility at the fore part of the boat, and was brought aft to the queen's presence,

the wherry at the same time dropping into the rear. The youth underwent the gaze of majesty with some embarrassment. The muddled cloak still hung upon his arm, and formed the natural topic with which the queen introduced the conversation.

"You have this day spoiled a gay mantle in our behalf, young man. We thank you for your service, though the manner of offering it was unusual, and something bold."

10 "In a sovereign's need," answered the youth, "it is each liegeman's duty to be bold."

"That was well said, my lord," said the queen, turning to a grave person who sat by her, and answered with a grave inclination of the head and something of a
15 mumbled assent. "Well, young man, your gallantry shall not go unrewarded. Go to the wardrobe keeper, and he shall have orders to supply the suit which you have cast away in our service. Thou shalt have a suit, and that of the newest cut, I promise thee, on the word
20 of a princess."

"May it please your Grace," said Walter, hesitating, "it is not for so humble a servant of your Majesty to measure out your bounties; but if it became me to choose —"

25 "Thou wouldst have gold, I warrant me?" said the queen, interrupting him. "Fy, young man! I am ashamed that, in our capital, giving gold to youth is

giving fuel to fire, and furnishing them with the means of folly. Yet thou mayst be poor," she added, "or thy parents may be. It shall be gold, if thou wilt, but thou shalt answer to me for the use of it."

Walter waited patiently until the queen had done, 5 and then modestly assured her that gold was still less in his wish than the raiment her Majesty had before offered.

"How, boy!" said the queen, "neither gold nor garment! What is it thou wouldst have of me, then?"

"Only permission, madam — if it is not asking too 10 high an honor — permission to wear the cloak which did you this trifling service."

"Permission to wear thine own cloak, thou silly boy!" said the queen.

"It is no longer mine," said Walter. "When your 15 Majesty's foot touched it, it became a fit mantle for a prince, but far too rich a one for its former owner."

The queen again blushed; and endeavored to cover, by laughing, a slight degree of not unpleasing surprise and confusion. 20

"Heard you ever the like, my lords? The youth's head is turned with reading romances. I must know something of him, that I may send him safe to his friends. What art thou?"

"Raleigh is my name, most gracious queen — the 25 youngest son of a large but honorable family of Devonshire."

“Raleigh!” said Elizabeth, after a moment’s recollection, “have we not heard of your service in Ireland?”

“I have been so fortunate as to do some service there, madam,” replied Raleigh; “scarce, however, of consequence sufficient to reach your Grace’s ears.”

“They hear farther than you think of,” said the queen, graciously, “and I have heard of a youth who defended a ford in Shannon against a whole band of Irish rebels, until the stream ran purple with their blood and
10 his own.”

“Some blood I may have lost,” said the youth, looking down, “but it was where my best is due, and that is in your Majesty’s service.”

The queen paused, and then said hastily, “You are
15 very young to have fought so well and to speak so well. So hark ye, Master Raleigh, see thou fail not to wear thy muddy cloak till our pleasure be farther known. And here,” she added, giving him a jewel of gold in the form of a chessman, “I give thee this to wear at the collar.”

20 Raleigh, to whom nature had taught those courtly arts which many scarce acquire from long experience, knelt, and, as he took from her hand the jewel, kissed the fingers which gave it.

—WALTER SCOTT: *Kenilworth*.

wherry, small boat; **agility**, ease, activity; **embarrassment**, confusion; **liegeman**, subject, one owing obedience; **Devonshire**, county in England.

Is there not something amusing in Blount's amazement? Can you picture the scene when Walter is taken to the queen's boat? Notice how all his speech and actions add to the favor with which the queen already regards him. Give as briefly as possible the conversation between Walter and the queen. What qualities does he show (1) by his pretty speeches to the queen, (2) by his replies to her questions touching his services as a soldier?

The things which seem strange to you in dress, manners, and speech are due to the time in which this story is laid. You will have to imagine yourself living three hundred years ago. Perhaps you have seen some pictures of Elizabethan days which will help you to imagine the scenes.

Spelling. — Reverence, agility, gallant, warders, coxcomb, embarrassment.

Composition. — Read very carefully the conversation between Walter Raleigh and Queen Elizabeth on pages 231-233. Imagine that Raleigh has returned to his friend Blount, and is telling him what occurred at the interview. Use direct quotations, and, in writing Blount's share in the conversation, think, from what you have learned of him in the earlier part of the story, what remarks he would be likely to make. Do not try to repeat every remark. You may have your books open to consult as you write.

47

LITTLE GIFFEN

Out of the focal and foremost fire,
Out of the hospital walls as dire,
Smitten of grapeshot and gangrene,
(Eighteenth battle, and *he* sixteen !)
Specter such as we seldom see,
Little Giffen of Tennessee !

“Take him — and welcome!” the surgeons said;
“Little the doctor can help the dead!”
So we took him; and brought him where
The balm was sweet in the summer air;
5 And we laid him down on a wholesome bed —
Utter Lazarus, heel to head!

And we watched the war with the bated breath,
Skeleton boy against skeleton Death.
Months of torture, how many such!
10 Weary weeks of the stick and crutch!
And still a glint in the steel-blue eye
Spoke of a spirit that wouldn't die,

And didn't. Nay, more! in death's despite
The crippled skeleton learned to write!
15 “Dear mother,” at first, of course; and then
“Dear captain,” inquiring about the men.
Captain's answer — “Of eighty and five,
Giffen and I are left alive!”

Words of gloom from the war one day;
20 “Johnston's pressed at the front, they say!”
Little Giffen was up and away.
A tear, his first, as he bade good-by,
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye;
“I'll write, if spared.” There was news of a fight,
25 But none of Giffen. He did not write!

I sometimes fancy that, were I king
Of the princely knights of the Golden Ring,
With the song of the minstrel in mine ear,
And the tender legend that trembles here,
I'd give the best, on his bended knee,
The whitest soul of my chivalry,
For Little Giffen of Tennessee.

5

— FRANCIS O. TICKNOR.

focal, concentrated; **dire**, terrible; **gangrene**, dangerous diseased condition of the flesh, resulting from a wound; **Lazarus**, beggar covered with sores — spoken of in the Bible — Luke xvi. 20; **bated**, weakened; **despite**, defiance; **knights of the Golden Ring**, an imaginary body of brave men, each of whom had vowed to perform some deed of bravery or chivalry; **legend**, old story.

What idea do you get of **Little Giffen** in the first line? Quote another line in stanza 1 that gives you the same idea. Who is telling this story? What is the condition of the boy at the beginning of the poem? What does the surgeon think of him? What was the main thing that enabled the boy to live? Quote lines that show this. What news made him hurry to the field again? In what indirect way are we told of his death on the battlefield? Go through the poem and collect all the lines that help you to form an opinion of the young Confederate soldier. What do you think of him? What does the teller of the story think of him? Whom does he compare him with in the last stanza? Tell the story of Little Giffen. What do you consider the best thing in the poem? What use of figurative language do you see? Notice the short, quick way in which the story is told. Is it less pathetic on this account? Notice the accents in each line, and the arrangement of rhymes.

Spelling. — Hospital, torture, legend, despite, skeleton, dire

Word Study.— Can you discover in **specter** the meaning that you learned in the word **spectacle**? From what was it derived?

Composition: for the boys.— Write the letter referred to in stanza 4 as you imagine Little Giffen wrote it to his mother at home in Tennessee. Try to imagine what kind of a letter such a boy would write. Do you suppose he told how brave he had been or how terribly he had suffered? About whom did he think most? About what was he most anxious? How did he speak of the kind friends who had nursed him?

For the girls.— Write to Little Giffen's mother a letter such as you imagine might have been written by the kind southern lady at whose house the boy had been cared for. What things do you think she would be likely to tell the mother about her boy? How would she try to comfort her? It is probable that Little Giffen was too ill at first to tell where his mother lived, so the letter was not written until he was recovering.

48

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

FEBRUARY 22, 23, 1847

[This poem was written to commemorate the bringing home of the bodies of the Kentucky soldiers who fell at Buena Vista, and their burial at Frankfort at the cost of the state. Among the dead was the son of Henry Clay.]

THE muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo ;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.

On fame's eternal camping ground
 Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards, with solemn round,
 The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance 5
 Now swells upon the wind ;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
 Of loved ones left behind ;
No vision of the morrow's strife
 The warrior's dream alarms ; 10
No braying horn, nor screaming fife,
 At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
 Their plumèd heads are bowed ;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust, 15
 Is now their martial shroud.
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
 The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
 Are free from anguish now. 20

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
 The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
 The din and shout are past ;

Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more may feel
The rapture of the fight.

5 Like a fierce northern hurricane
 That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
 Came down the serried foe.
Who heard the thunder of the fray
10 Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
 Was "Victory or Death."

Long had the doubtful conflict raged
 O'er all that stricken plain,
15 For never fiercer fight had waged
 The vengeful blood of Spain;
And still the storm of battle blew,
 Still swelled the gory tide;
Not long, our stout old chieftain knew,
20 Such odds his strength could bide.

'Twas in that hour his stern command
 Called to a martyr's grave
The flower of his belovèd land,
 The nation's flag to save.

By rivers of their fathers' gore
His first-born laurels grew,
And well he deemed the sons would pour
Their lives for glory too.

Full many a norther's breath has wept 5
O'er Angostura's plain —
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above the moldering slain.
The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay, 10
Alone awakes each sullen height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound 15
Along the heedless air ;
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave ;
She claims from war his richest spoil —
The ashes of her brave. 20

So, 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast,
On many a bloody shield ;

The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The heroes' sepulchre.

5 Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,
Dear as the blood ye gave,
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
10 While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone,
In deathless song shall tell,
15 When many a vanished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of glory's light
20 That gilds your deathless tomb.

— THEODORE O'HARA.

bivouac, an encampment of soldiers at night without tents and with arms in readiness for action; **tattoo**, the drum-beat to summon soldiers to rest; **serried**, in close and even lines; **old chieftain**, General Zachary Taylor, afterwards President of the United States; **first laurels**, General Taylor had won distinction in the War of 1812.

PRONUNCIATION OF PROPER NAMES

Aberdeen, Äb-er-dën'.
Alden, Awl'-den.
Alleghany, Äl'-e-gä-nl.
Audubon, Awl'-dū-bon.

Bayard, Bi'-ard.
Beauce, Bös.
Beauvais, Bō-vä'.
Bouz, Bō'-äz.
Breton, Brē'-ton.
Bunyan, Būn'-yan.
Burgundy, Bur'-gūn-dī.

Calabria, Ka-lā'-brī-a.
Caracas, Kā-ra'-käs.
Champagne, Shōn-pañ'.
Chinon, Shē-non'.
Compiègne, Kōn-pē-äñ'.
Cophetua, Kō-fet'-u-a.
Crimean, Kri-mē'-an.

Danube, Dan'-ūbe.
Dauphin, Da'-fin.
Denys, Dën'-nis.
De Vaux, De-vō'.
Devonshire, Dëv'-ōn-shir.
Dinwiddie, Din-wid'-ī.
Domrémy, Dōn-rē-mē'.
Dunols, Du-nwä'.

Eldorado, Ēl'-do-rä'-do.
Eske, Ēsk.

Galaway, Gäl'-a-way.
Gerard, Jē-rard'.
Ghent, Gent.
Glen, Zhē-ōn'.
Gist, Jist.
Graemes, Grāms.
Guerrière, Ghē-rē-ār'.

Haverhill, Hā'-ver-īl.
Heliopolis, Hē'-li-op'-o-lis.
Herschel, Hēr'-shēl.

Ichabod, Īk'-a-bod.
Islington, Īz'-līng-ton.

Lannes, Lāns.
Launfal, Lān'-fal.
Lazarus, Lāz'-a-rūs.
Leicester, Lēs'-ter.
Limerick, Līm'-er-īck.
Livesey, Live-sī.
Lochgyle, Lōk-gyle'.
Lochinvar, Lōk'-in-var'.
Loire, Lwar.

Malakoff, Mā'-lā-koff.
Messina, Mēs-sē'-nä.
Midas, Mi'-das.
Mohicans, Mo-hē'-kanz.
Muloch, Mū'-lōk.

Nahum, Nā'-hūm.
Naomi, Nā-ō'-mī.
Netherby, Nēth'-ēr-by.

Oise, Wáz.

Orleans, Ůr-lā-ŏn'.

Palestine, Pāl'-es-tín.

Phoenix, Fē'-niks.

Pierre, Pē-ār'.

Plymouth, Plīm'-ŭth.

Priscilla, Prīs-cil'-la.

Raleigh, Raw'-li.

Ratisbon, Rāt'-iz-bŏn.

Redan, Rē-dān'.

Rhelms, Rēmz.

Ronald, Rŏn'-ald.

Reuen, Rŏŏ-ŏn'.

Saladin, Sāl'-g-dīn.

Saracens, Sār'-a-sěns.

Seine, Sān.

Senelac, Sēn'-e-lāk.

Severn, Sēv'-ern.

Soldan, Sŏl'-dan.

St. Albans, Sānt Al'-bānz.

Stuyvesant, Stī'-ve-sant.

Suffolk, Sŭf'-ok.

Thames, Tēmz.

Trelawney, Tre-law'-nī.

Troyes, Trwā.

Vosges, Vŏzh.

